

SPORTS REVIEW

January 1983

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Wrestling

Too Much Bloodshed In Georgia:
**IS THE END NEAR
FOR TOMMY RICH?**

The Apartment Match
That Went Too Far:
**HOW VICIOUS
CAN TWO
WOMEN BE?**



**WAHOO McDANIEL:
THE MAN WHO STANDS
BETWEEN GREG VALENTINE
AND GREATNESS**

Your Ringside Seat For . . .
A NIGHT AT THE GARDEN



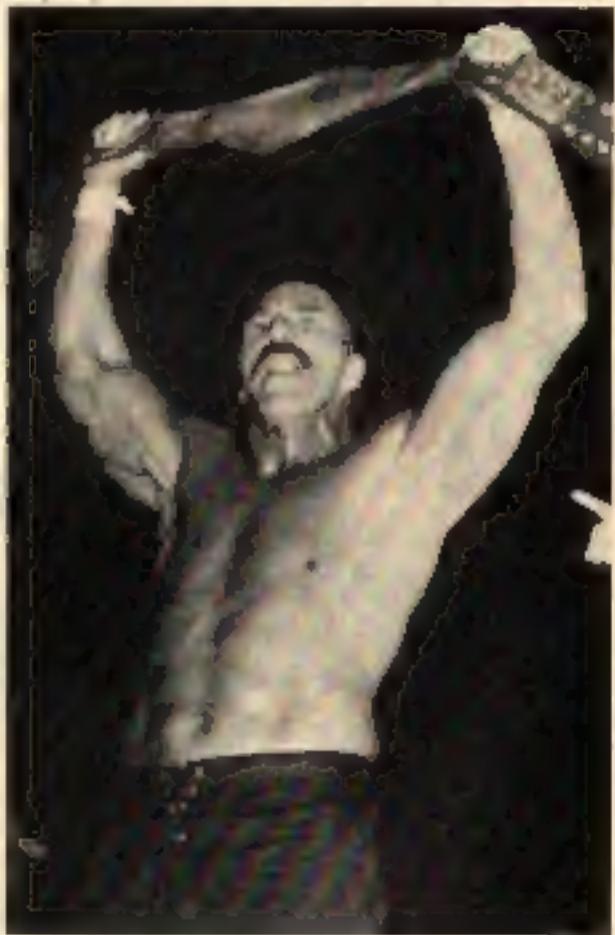
THE TATTER

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Chicago, Ill.
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Seattle, Wash.
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New York, N.Y.
Andre Camus
Montreal, Canada
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NEW YORK—From the nerve center of the WWF comes the news that Superstar Billy Graham has been fined by WWF President Hisashi Shinma for destroying the championship belt during a televised match between Bob Backlund and Swede Hanson.



SUPERSTAR GRAHAM

In a telegram from Shinma read over the air during a televised segment of WWF wrestling, it was stated that Graham has been placed on 30

(Continued on page 50)

Never before in this history of wrestling journalism have so many respected reporters been involved in so important a venture. The best wrestling correspondents from all over the world have been enlisted to report on the news behind the news. Every wrestling fan must consider this the most important column he can read!

The Inquiring Reporter

No one knows wrestling better than the fans.

Because of this, we're now giving these experts a forum for their views and opinions. Each month, we'll ask a controversial question and have the fans answer—no matter what those answers might be!

THE QUESTION:

"Over the last two years, we have seen a baseball strike and a football strike. How would you react if professional wrestlers decided to strike?"

THE ANSWERS:

Vinnie Morgan, Babylon, NY: "I thought the baseball players were wrong when they went on strike, and I think the football players were simply not thinking about the fans when they went on strike. If any athlete, wrestlers included, wants more money or better benefits, he ought to negotiate in good faith without walking out on the fans, who in the end are the people who pay his salary anyway."

Steve Copeland, Detroit: "I would be very angry. In any sport, it is the fans who make the stars as popular as they are. Usually in these strikes it's the stars who lead the others to walk out and demand more money. They ought to remember how the fans fit in to the scheme of things and maybe they wouldn't be so swift to strike."



Would The Moondogs, Rex and Spot, ever go on strike as did football and baseball players? Fans make no bones about it—they never want to see wrestlers on the picket line.

Raymond Forster, Philadelphia: "I don't know. In both the baseball and the football strikes, there were certain issues at stake. There were very complicated issues about how finances were distributed, free agency, and so forth. I would have to know what

the issues involved were. If the wrestlers were in the right, then they might get my support in a strike situation."

Ed Burgoyne, Abilene, TX: "I don't know about other people, (Continued on page 52)

WRESTLER OF THE MONTH

NICK
BOCKWINKEL

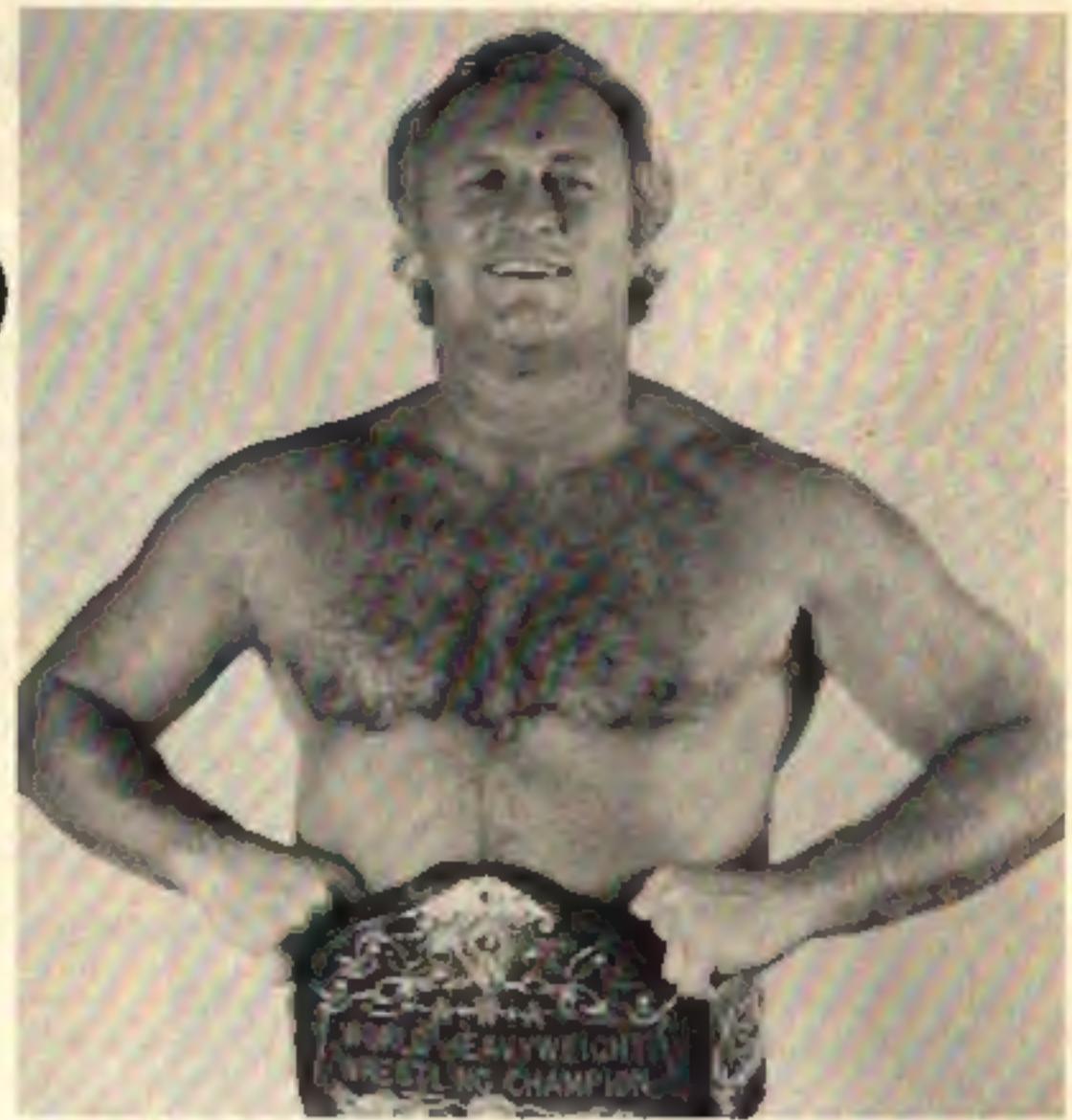
WE DON'T ALWAYS agree with his philosophies about wrestling, but we have to admire his determination.

On August 29, 1982, he lost the AWA championship to Otto Wanz in the St. Paul Civic Center. He had attempted to use a piledriver on Wanz, but the Austrian challenger skillfully shifted his weight, dropped his opponent to the mat, and followed with a pin.

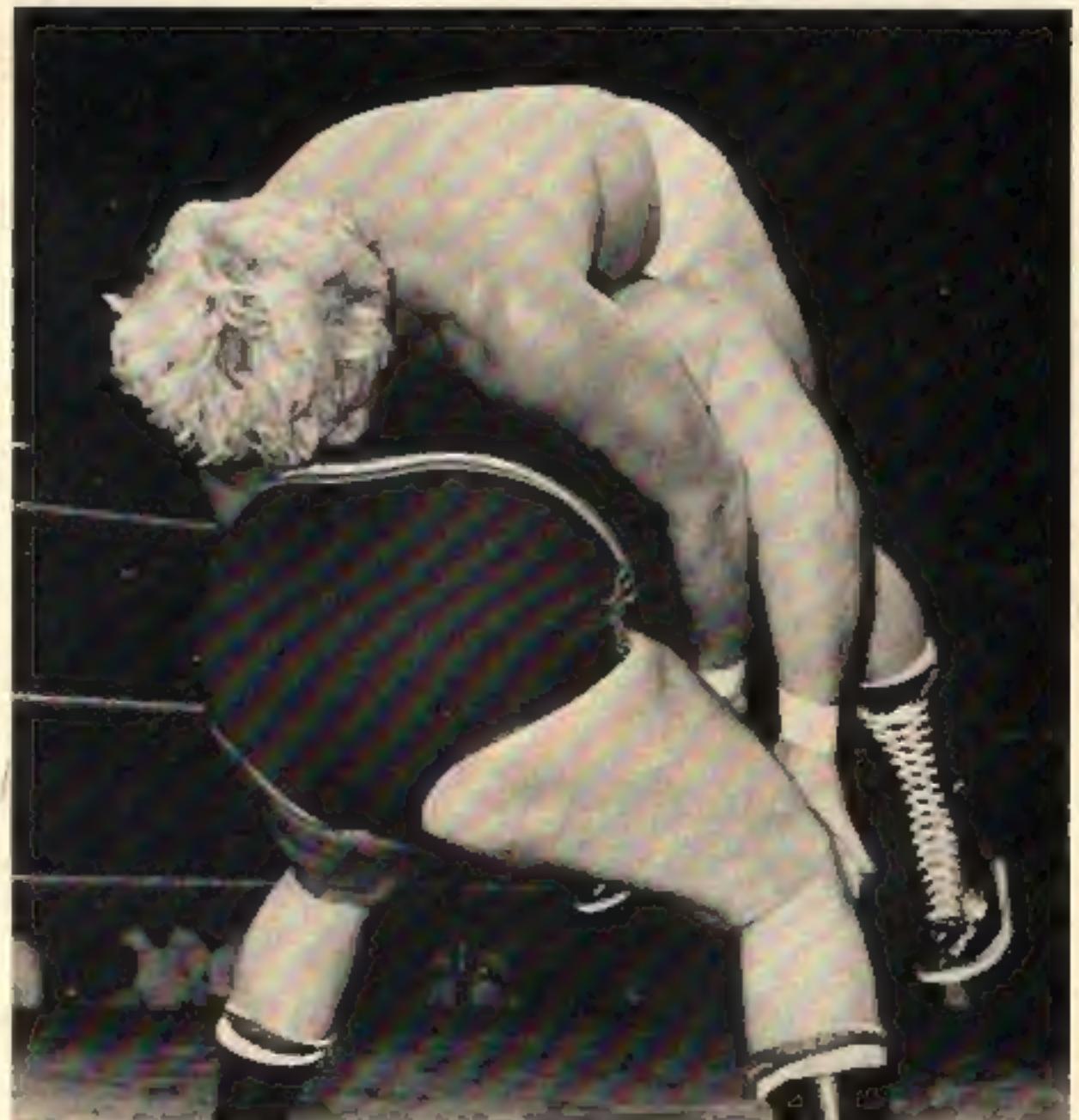
Over the weeks that followed, he had several rematches for the title. Again and again, with determination and a desire unmatched by anyone wrestling today, he tried to regain the belt. Again and again he failed . . .

Until October 9, 1982. On that night at the Chicago International Ampitheatre, Nick Bockwinkel wrestled brilliantly. And, in 15:05, he pinned Wanz to regain the AWA heavyweight championship.

For this historic achievement,
(Continued on page 54)



Nick Bockwinkel wears the AWA belt for the third time (above). Bockwinkel attempts to wrap Wanz up with a sunset flip (below), but fails. Nick eventually won the match with a cross-bodyblock and pin.



OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS

WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION

Champion: BOB BACKLUND
1—SUPERSTAR GRAHAM
2—JIMMY SNUKA
3—RAY STEVENS
4—PEDRO MORALES
5—COWBOY BOB ORTON
6—IVAN PUTSKI
7—PLAYBOY BUDDY ROSE
8—ROCKY JOHNSON
9—SALVATORE BELLOMO
10—JOHN STUDD

AMERICAN WRESTLING ASSOCIATION

Champion: NICK BOCKWINKEL
1—OTTO WANZ
2—HULK HOGAN
3—KEN PATERA
4—RICK MARTEL
5—MAD DOG VACHON
6—BARON VON RASCHKE
7—BOBBY DUNCUM
8—CRUSHER BLACKWELL
9—GREG GAGNE
10—TED DIBIASE

MOST POPULAR

1—RODDY PIPER
2—ANDRE THE GIANT
3—DUSTY RHODES
4—TOMMY RICH
5—HULK HOGAN
6—BOB BACKLUND
7—JUNKYARD DOG
8—WAHOO McDANIEL
9—RICK MARTEL
10—ROCKY JOHNSON



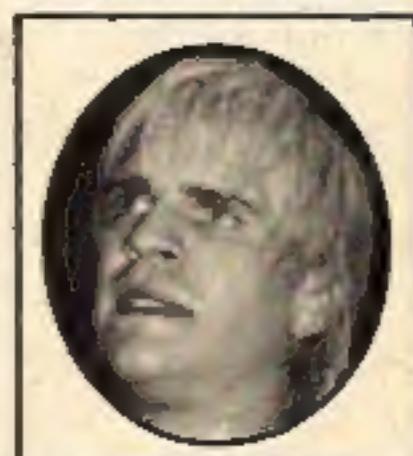
COWBOY BOB ORTON



NICK BOCKWINKEL



HARLEY RACE



TOMMY RICH

NATIONAL WRESTLING ALLIANCE

Champion: RIC FLAIR
1—WAHOO McDANIEL
2—SUPER DESTROYER
3—PAUL JONES
4—BRUISER
5—JIM GARVIN
6—KEVIN SULLIVAN
7—DUSTY RHODES
8—TOMMY RICH
9—HARLEY RACE
10—RODDY PIPER

TAG TEAMS

1—MR. FUJI & MR. SAITO
2—GREG GAGNE & JIM BRUNZELL
3—SGT. SLAUGHTER & PVT. KERNODLE
4—THE SAMOANS
5—SWEET BROWN SUGAR & BUTCH REED
6—JAY & JULES STRONGBOW
7—TERRY GORDY & TITO SANTANA
8—GINO HERNANDEZ & TULLY BLANCHARD
9—KEN PATERA & BOBBY DUNCUM
10—JUNKYARD DOG & MR. OLYMPIA

MOST HATED

1—SUPERSTAR GRAHAM
2—BUZZ SAWYER
3—PAUL JONES
4—TED DIBIASE
5—RIC FLAIR
6—JOHN STUDD
7—NICK BOCKWINKEL
8—ABDULLAH THE BUTCHER
9—SGT. SLAUGHTER
10—THE GREAT KAMALA

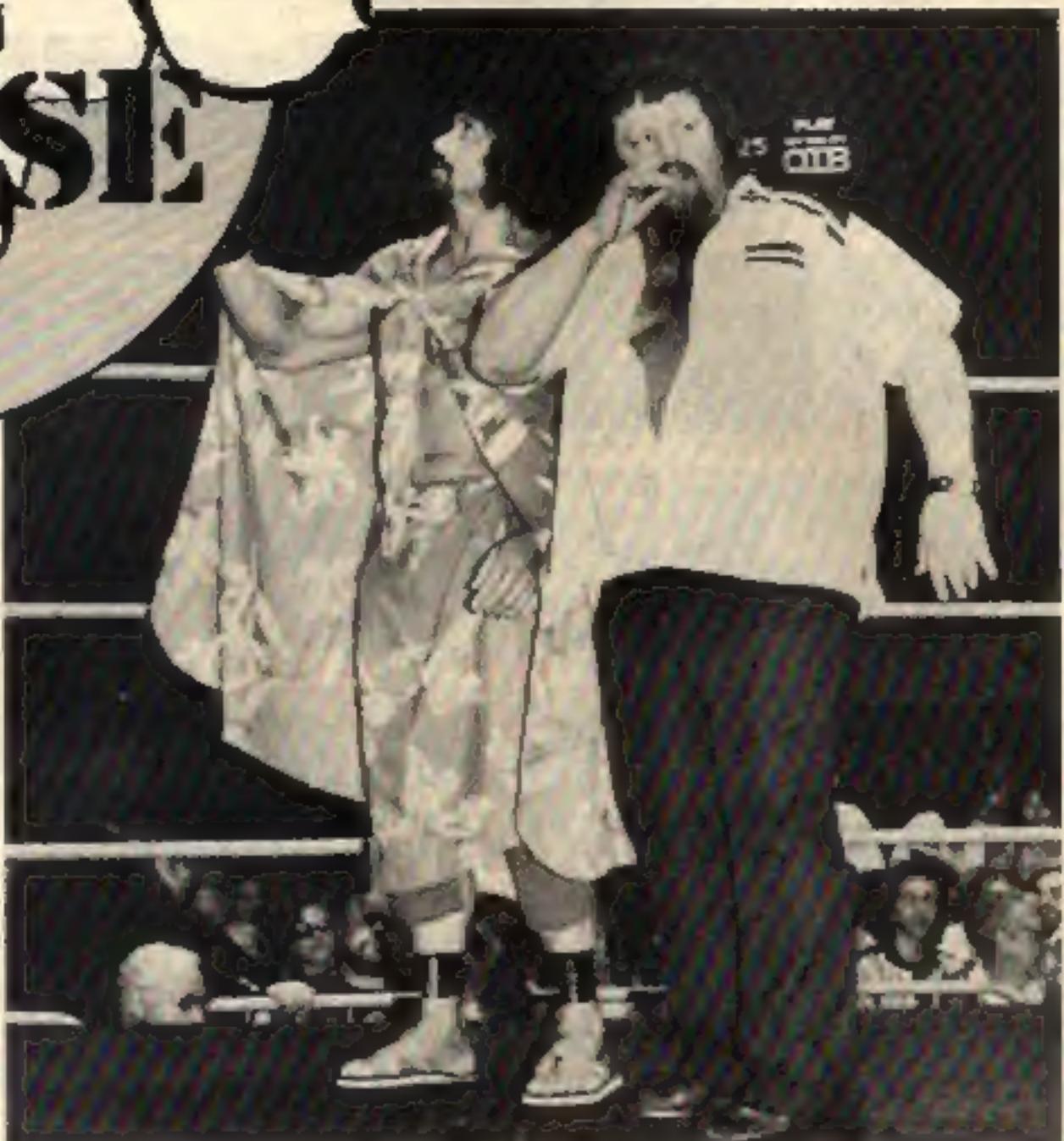
From time to time, the editors of this magazine find it necessary to condemn those in wrestling who would subvert the basic principles of decency, integrity, and honesty. Without such truths, our sport will die



THE JOB OF a wrestling manager is a complicated and varied one. No two managers will approach the job the same way, and very often you will find that any two given managers would handle one particular wrestler in two completely different ways. It is truly a case where the man makes the job depending on what qualities he wants to draw out in the wrestler he is managing.

Nevertheless, there are general guidelines that a manager ought to follow. Entrusted to oversee the financial affairs of the man he manages, the wrestling manager has got to be able to account for every cent a wrestler earns, including a complete record of investments made in his name. It is only common decency to keep financial records in this fashion; any divergence from this ability to account for all monies involved can only indicate one thing: financial mismanagement.

We accuse Captain Lou Albano of financial mismanagement of Superfly Jimmy Snuka's career. The Superfly is one of the most popular and exciting wrestlers in the sport today, and he should be earning a great deal of money. The situation between Snuka and the



The rift between Superfly Snuka and his manager, Lou Albano, is due largely to the Captain's alleged financial mismanagement.

Captain is well known, thanks to the investigatory efforts of Buddy Rogers. (For further details, see the February 1983 issue of *Pro Wrestling Illustrated* and the January 1983 issue of *Inside Wrestling*.)

We bring this situation to the attention of our readers once again, not to demean Captain Lou Albano, but rather to place all wrestlers who deal with a manager on warning: Be very careful. Make sure that when you enter into a manager-wrestler relationship,

you find a manager who you can trust. Be certain that your manager is a man who is businesslike, who can account for your financial status at a moment's notice.

Entrusting your future to another man is a very significant career move. It is very easy for an unscrupulous manager to take advantage of an unsuspecting wrestler.

The Captain Lou Albano-Superfly Jimmy Snuka situation taught that lesson to everyone—particularly Snuka. □

TOP WRESTLER YOUR QUESTION

Do you have a question which concerns all of wrestling? Each month in SPORTS REVIEW WRESTLING, the sport's top superstars will answer a question sent in by a reader. If you wish to have your question answered by the wrestlers, send it to:

ASK THE STARS
Sports Review Wrestling
Box 48
Rockville Centre, N.Y.
11571

The "Question of the Month" is: "What do you feel is the vital component in the making of a great wrestler?"

**Submitted by:
Bonnie Kinsey,
Anderson,
South Carolina**



JIMMY HART

"I manage men like Bobby Eaton, I manage men like the Great Kamala, and I can tell you, they are both great wrestlers. The quality in these men that makes them great is not bloodlust, it is not sadism, it is not these negative qualities so many people think it is, but rather it is simply a fierce competitiveness like nobody else has."



BUDDY ROGERS

"A great wrestler must have the body, he must have the strength, he must have the agility, he must have the winning attitude. It is no one quality, but rather a combination of qualities that makes a truly great wrestler. I think Jimmy Snuka has all these qualities, and that's why I want to manage him."



DUSTY RHODES

"I'll tell you, daddy, a great wrestler has got to have spirit! He's got to have spunk! He's got to have the nerve to step into that squared circle night after night and face men who want to cripple him. That takes courage, baby. I think if there is no courage in a wrestler, he isn't worth cow chips."



BOB BACKLUND

"If there is one vital component in a successful wrestler, I would have to say that it is determination. To be a great wrestler takes a lot of hard work. You have to train every day, you have to work, work, work. Fans only see the final product, the match in the ring, but a lot of determination goes into that final product."

WRESTLERS ANSWER OF THE MONTH



TONY ATLAS

"I think if a wrestler doesn't have the strength, he's not going to make it at all in the ring. Pure muscle and strength, as far as I'm concerned, is the way to go. That's how I concentrate my training. And look at men like Ken Patera or Ivan Putski . . . they're very successful at what they do, and it all grows out of muscle."



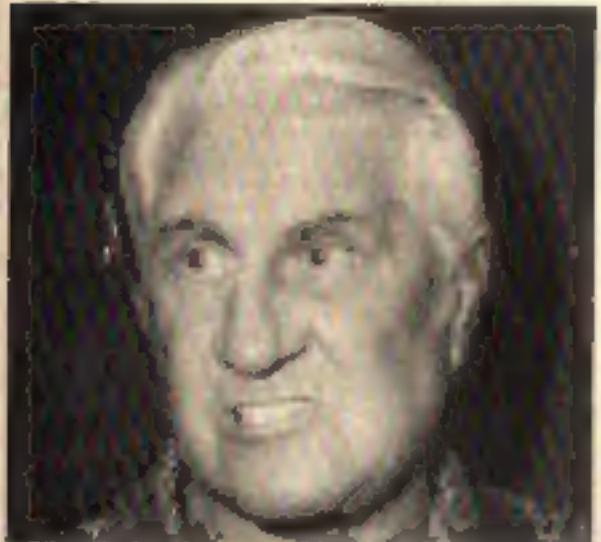
RICK MARTEL

"Agility. You've got to be able to move around that ring. If not, you might as well hang it up as a professional wrestler. Of course, agility includes not only moving around the ring when you have to, but the ability to get into the air when necessary, to deliver a dropkick, for instance. That's important, too."



MR. WRESTLING II

"If a wrestler doesn't have the proper attitude when he steps into that ring, he isn't worth the stuffing in the turnbuckles. You've got to understand that wrestling is a sport, not an excuse to maim and cripple other men. You have to have an attitude of sportsmanship. Without that, you're nothing."



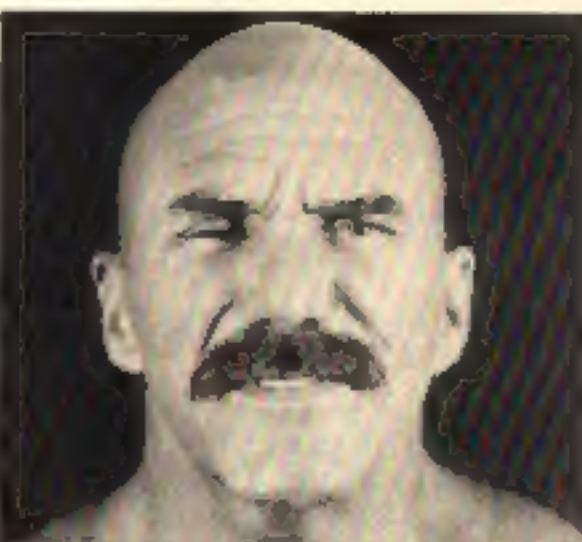
FRED BLASSIE

"A great wrestler has got to have animal instincts. He's got to have a willingness to beat upon his opponent relentlessly. He's got to be merciless in pounding his pencil-necked opponent into the canvas. Men like Killer Khan, Swede Hanson, Ray Stevens, Jesse Ventura, Adrian Adonis, men who destroy geek opponents, these are great wrestlers."



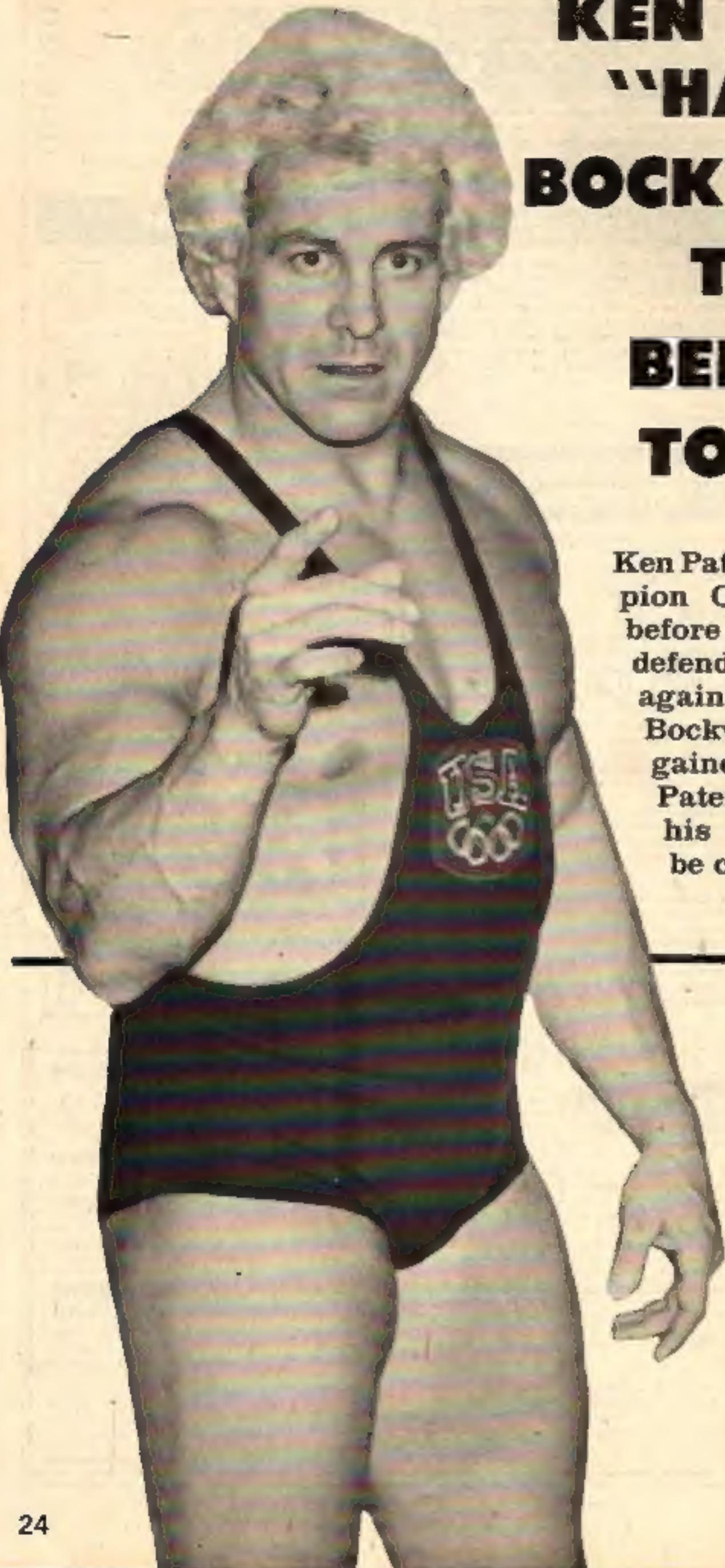
RIC FLAIR

"I am a champion. I am the champion of the NWA. I command the respect of thousands upon thousands of wrestling fans everywhere I go. I live in the highest style, eat in the finest restaurants, fly first class wherever I go. I don't really know what it is that makes a great wrestler, but whatever it is, I've got plenty of it, brother!"



SUPERSTAR GRAHAM

"When we talk about a great wrestler, I assume we mean a wrestler who is a champion, who is worthy of wearing that championship belt that means so much to so many people. I'll tell you, a great wrestler needs the eye of the tiger, he needs that hungry feeling, he needs that feeling of want. I've got that feeling, and I'll get what I want."



KEN PATERA: "HALF OF BOCKWINKEL'S TITLE BELONGS TO ME!"

Ken Patera wrestled AWA champion Otto Wanz a few days before Wanz was scheduled to defend the title in a rematch against former champion Nick Bockwinkel. Bockwinkel regained the belt, and now Patera claims that without his help, Wanz would still be champion

By Rich Countis

KEN PATERA IS widely regarded as wrestling's strongest man. But it takes a lot more than raw muscle to capture a heavyweight championship belt. It takes skill, experience, and an infinite variety of intangible factors that must all be working together on that one given night when the title opportunity comes.

Everything came together for Otto Wanz the night he defeated Nick Bockwinkel to win the AWA championship. But even with that belt around his waist, Wanz was never afforded the respect



Patera feels that the energy he forced Otto Wanz to expend made it possible for Nick Bockwinkel to beat Wanz and regain the AWA title several days later. Bockwinkel, Patera says, should be grateful.

of a Nick Bockwinkel. Wrestlers scurried like mice to get a title shot, knowing that a man who was relatively new to the AWA might make for an easier match than the veteran Bockwinkel.

Patera was among those men who managed to gain a title match with the new champion. He failed in his bid for the AWA belt, and several days later, Patera sat by helplessly as Nick Bockwinkel regained the title from Wanz.

I had the opportunity to speak with Patera a few days after Bockwinkel regained the title. My impression was that Patera was not bitter about the defeat.

but he was very bitter that Nick Bockwinkel was in a position to take advantage of the work he had done to weaken the champion.

Here, now, is a partial transcript of that interview.

Rich Countis: Ken, your match with Otto Wanz for the AWA title went to the 30-minute time limit. Isn't that unusual for you?

Ken Patera: Yes, Rich, it is. Usually I'm able to finish off my opponent in 10 minutes or less, but I underestimated Wanz just a little bit, which proved to be a fatal mistake. Otherwise I would be the AWA champion right now.

Countis: In what ways did you

underestimate Wanz?

Patera: Well, for one thing, I never thought he would be as strong as he proved to me he was. I engaged him in several tests of strength, particularly at the beginning of the match, and though I won every one of them, it took more exertion on my part than I expected. As a result, my pacing and timing throughout the rest of the match was thrown off.

Countis: Do you suppose that the training Wanz had from Billy Robinson and Verne Gagne had something to do with his performance in that match?

Patera: I'm sure of it. I'm well-



Patera, looking to gain an advantage in a battle of fingerlocks (above), was very surprised at the strength Wanz possessed. Otto captures Patera in a side headlock (below). The Austrian was visibly fatigued after the time limit expired, but how much that affected his match with Bockwinkel is impossible to determine.

aware of Wanz's amateur background and of his European professional background, but the expertise he demonstrated in the ring went far beyond his years. It had to be the result of outside coaching, and Robinson and Gagne together have an awful lot of experience between them. It's no wonder Wanz did so well for himself in the ring.

Countis: Do you feel that if you were given more time, say an extra 10 or 20 minutes beyond the time limit, that you would have been able to pin Wanz and win the title?

Patera: Who can say? That's speaking with 20-20 hindsight, but with that privilege, I would say that yes, I could have pinned Wanz. I felt very confident going

into the later minutes of that match. I took some time early on, I tested his strength, and even though I had to reassess my ring plan right on the spot, I did feel good about the direction the match was taking before the time limit ran out.

Countis: Do you feel you were cheated out of the title?

Patera: Not really. Hell, the time limit ran out, and I wrestled a good match as far as it went. I wasn't cheated out of the title, but I will say this: If it wasn't for me, Nick Bockwinkel would never have regained the title a couple of days later. In effect, half of Bockwinkel's title belongs to me!

Countis: How do you figure that?

Patera: My match with Wanz was a draining experience. Look, I am the single strongest man in all of professional wrestling. Let me put it this way: If you were champion and you wrestled to a time-limit draw with the strongest man in wrestling, would you be at the peak of your strength the next day, the day after that, or even a week later? Of course not! I weakened Wanz so much that Bockwinkel would have disgraced himself if he hadn't won the title back.

Countis: Those are pretty strong words. How do you think Bockwinkel will react to your opinions?

Patera: Probably in the same ignorant way that you just reacted. You see, Countis, these are not opinions, these are facts! Anybody with half a brain who follows the sport of wrestling will understand this to be true. If it wasn't for me, Otto Wanz would still be champion.

Countis: And what about a title shot with Nick Bockwinkel now?

Patera: Well, that's in the planning stages right now. I'd like to wrestle the guy, even if Heenan is the manager for both of us. I'd like to get the other half of my title. □



Your Ringside Seat For... A NIGHT AT THE GARDEN

PHOTOS BY BILL APTER & CRAIG PETERS

PROGRAM

BOB BACKLUND VS. SUPERSTAR BILLY GRAHAM
WWF HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH

★ ★ ★

MR. FUJI & MR. SAITO
VS. CHIEF JAY & JULES STRONGBOW
WWF TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH

★ ★ ★

PEDRO MORALES VS. PLAYBOY BUDDY ROSE
WWF INTERCONTINENTAL TITLE MATCH

★ ★ ★

ANDRE THE GIANT VS. COWBOY BOB ORTON

★ ★ ★

IVAN PUTSKI VS. SWEDE HANSON

★ ★ ★

TONY GAREA & CURT HENNIG
VS. THE BLACK DEMON & THE WHITE ANGEL

★ ★ ★

SALVATORE BELLOMO VS. JOHNNY RODZ

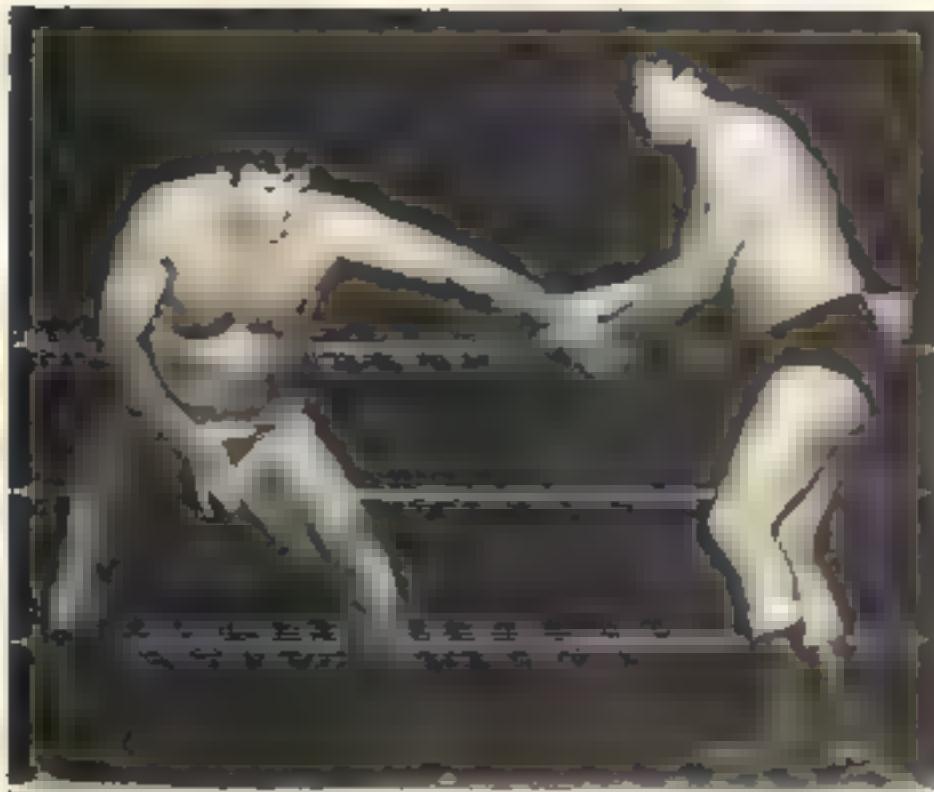
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BARON SCICLUNA VS. PETE SANCHEZ

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN • OCTOBER 4, 1982

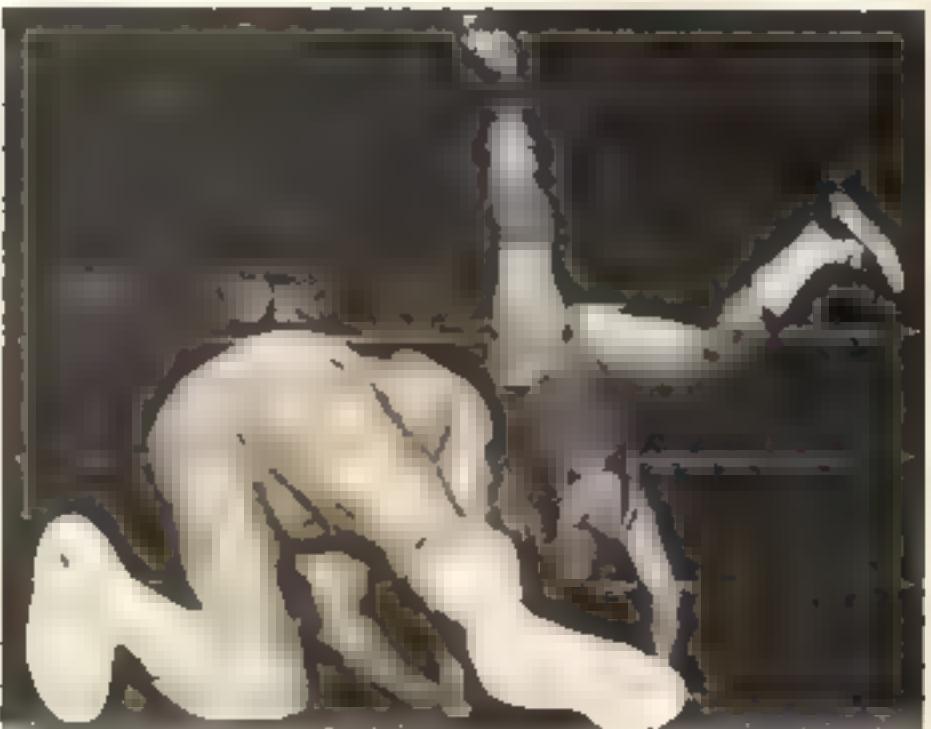
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BARON SCICLUNA VS. PETE SANCHEZ

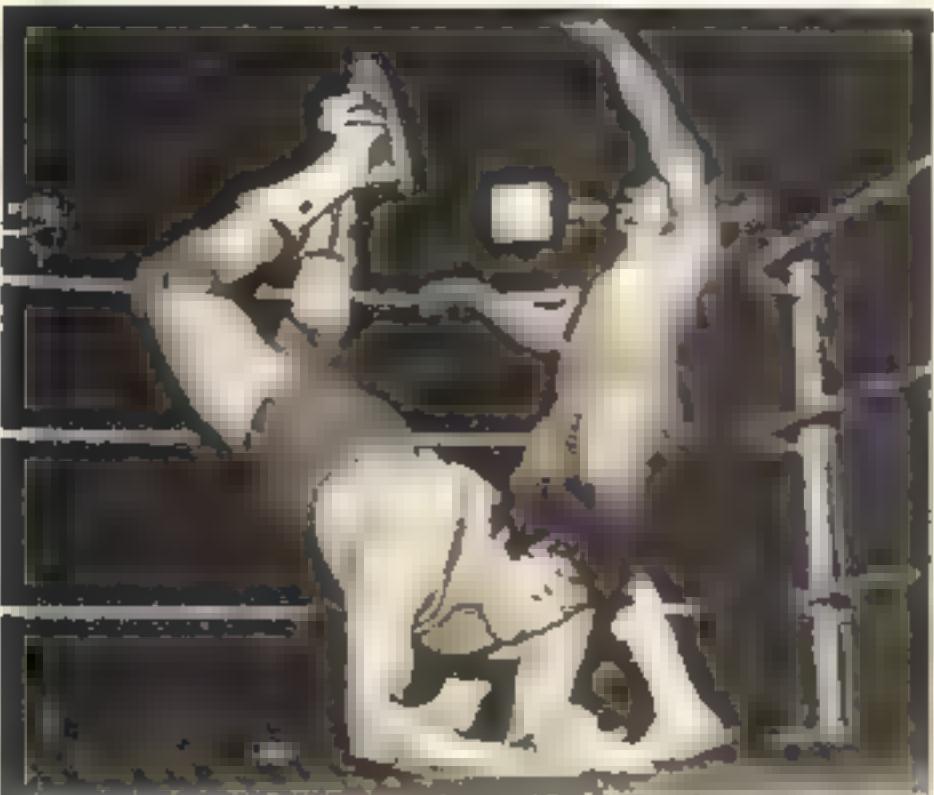


In the opening match of the night, Pete Sanchez battled valiantly against Baron Scicluna. Sanchez used a variety of moves including armtwists (left) and neckwrenches (above), but Scicluna came back to win at the 9:23 mark.

SALVATORE BELLOMO VS. JOHNNY RODZ



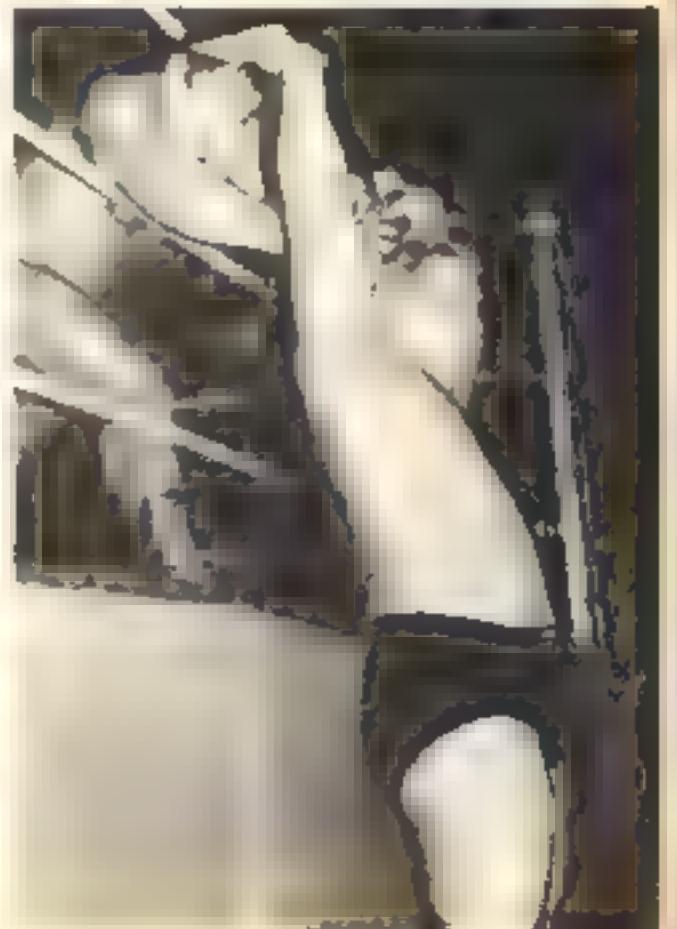
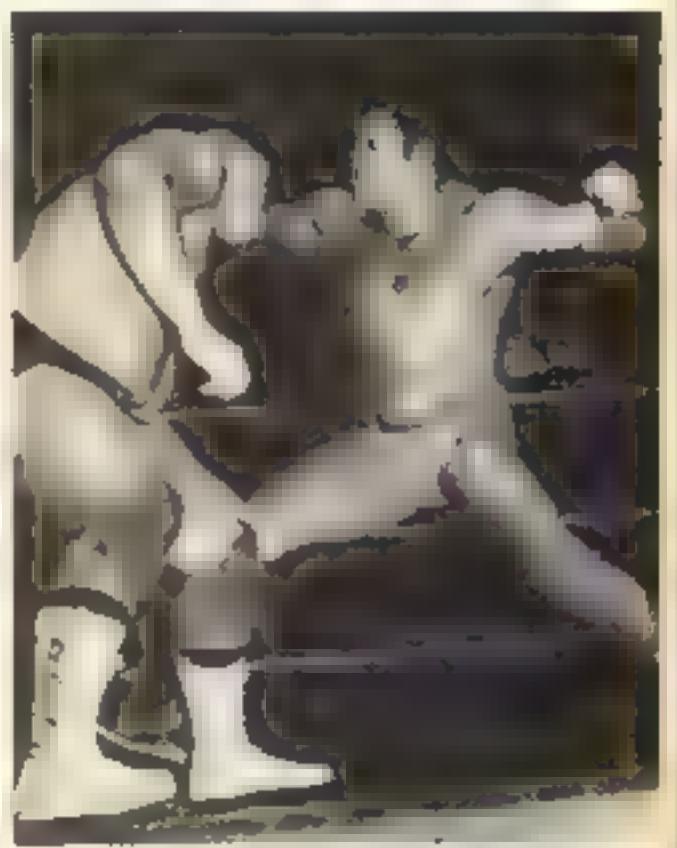
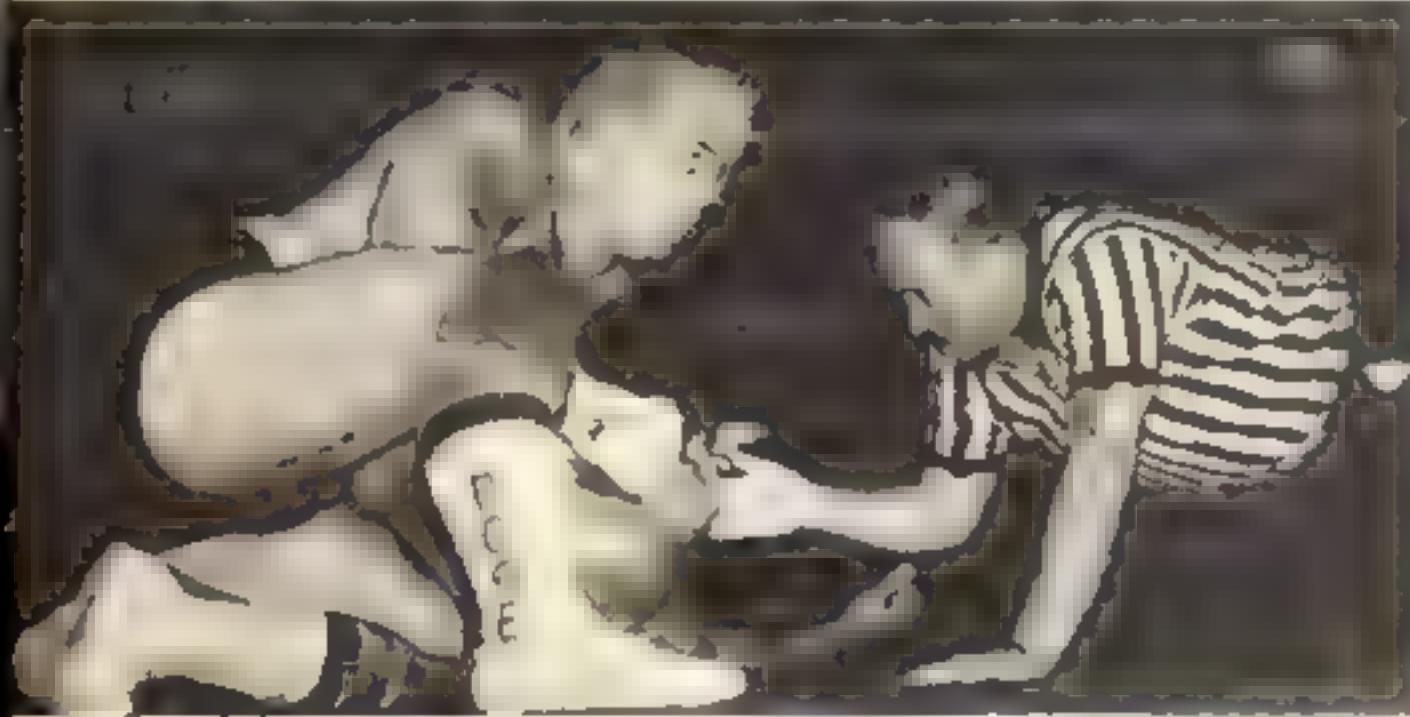
Salvatore Bellomo scores a takedown (above left), cartwheels out of the path of danger (above right), dropkicks (below left), and gains a most unorthodox pinfall win (below right) against Johnny Rodz in a match lasting 9:54.



PEDRO MORALES VS. PLAYBOY BUDDY ROSE

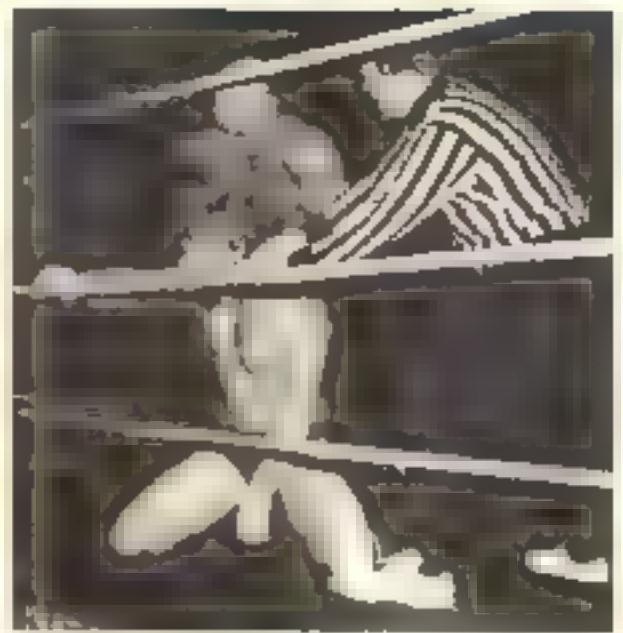


Although Intercontinental champion Pedro Morales had Playboy Buddy Rose hurt early (above left), Rose retaliated with a strong series of headlocks (above center, above right, below). Morales throws a powerful left to the side of Rose's head (right).



The action spilled out of the ring where Rose bodyslammed Morales twice on the concrete floor (above). Rose felt victorious in bringing the match to a 20-minute time-limit draw but the champion is angered by the Playboy's victory gesture (right).

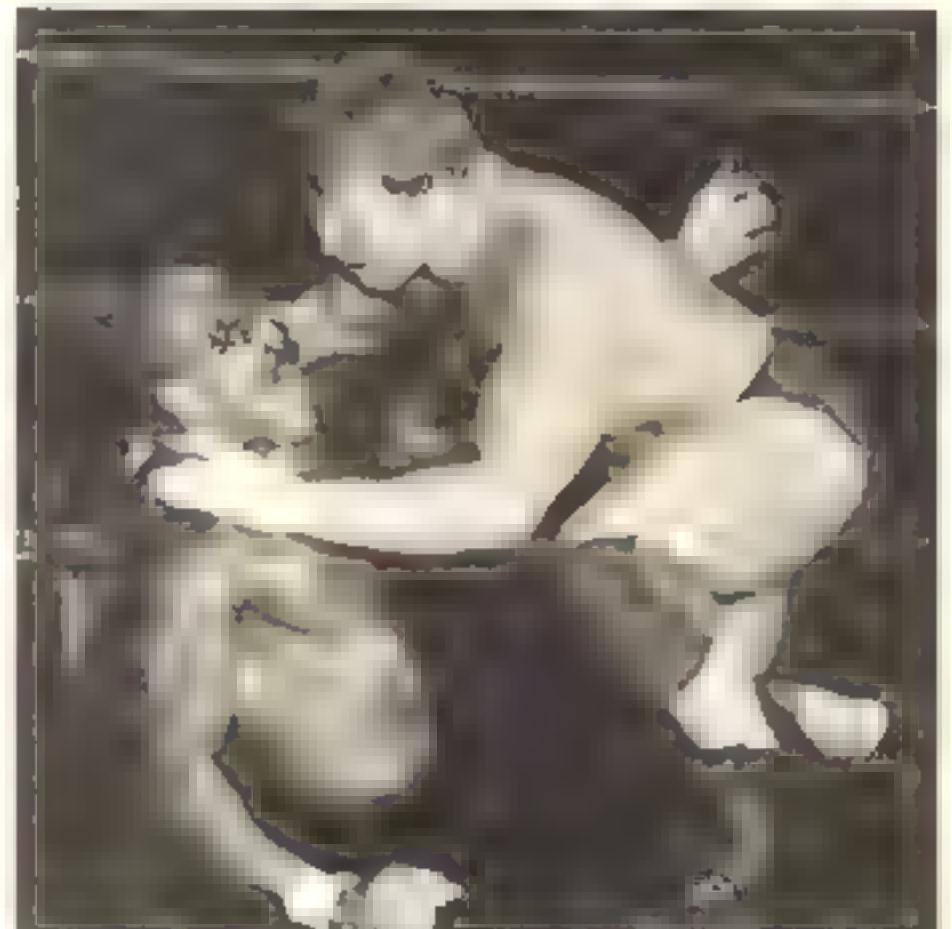
BOB BACKLUND VS. SUPERSTAR BILLY GRAHAM



The exciting main event was a free-for-all that saw Superstar Graham attacking Bob Backlund with a chair (above left). Backlund retaliating with a chokehold (above center), and Graham choking the champion with his waistband (above right).



Graham, who had destroyed Backlund's championship belt on television only days earlier, was relentless in his furious attack on the champion utilizing both chokeholds (above left) and closed-fist smashes to the throat (above right).



Backlund, still enraged over what Graham did to his belt, channeled his anger into a bloody counterattack (left and above). The champion was disqualified when he inadvertently hit the referee.

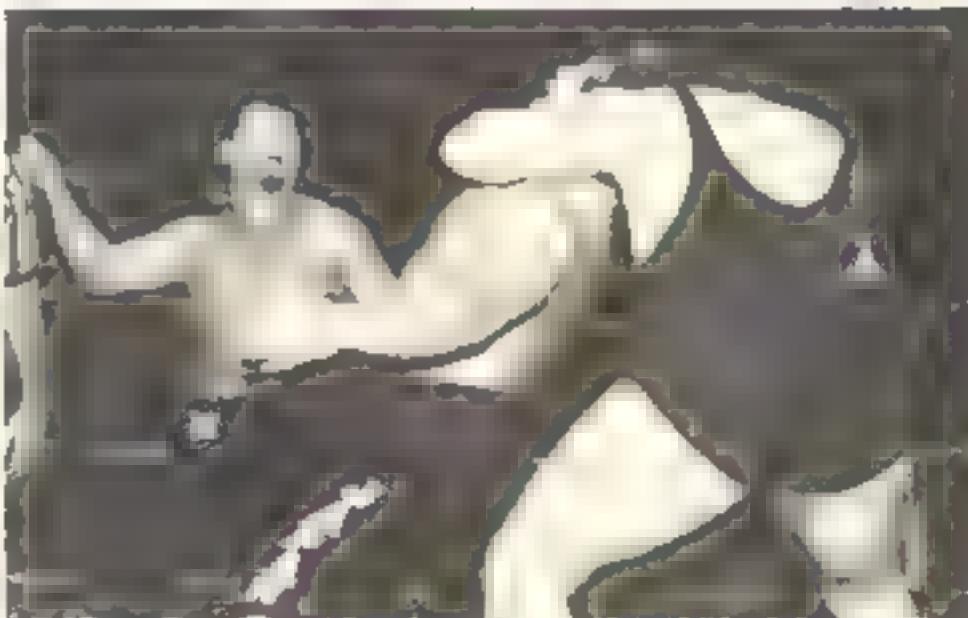
MR. FUJI & MR. SAITO VS. CHIEF JAY & JULES STRONGBOW



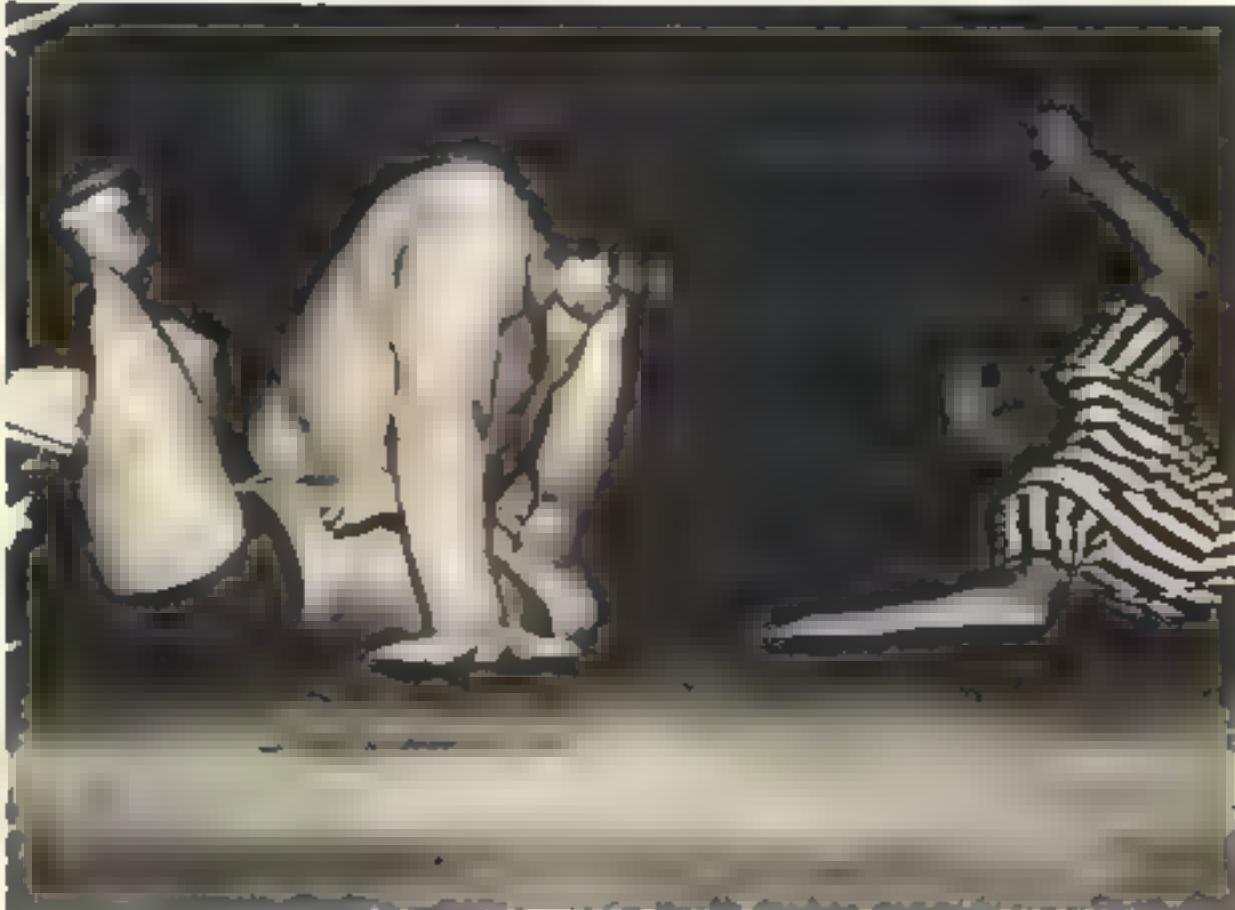
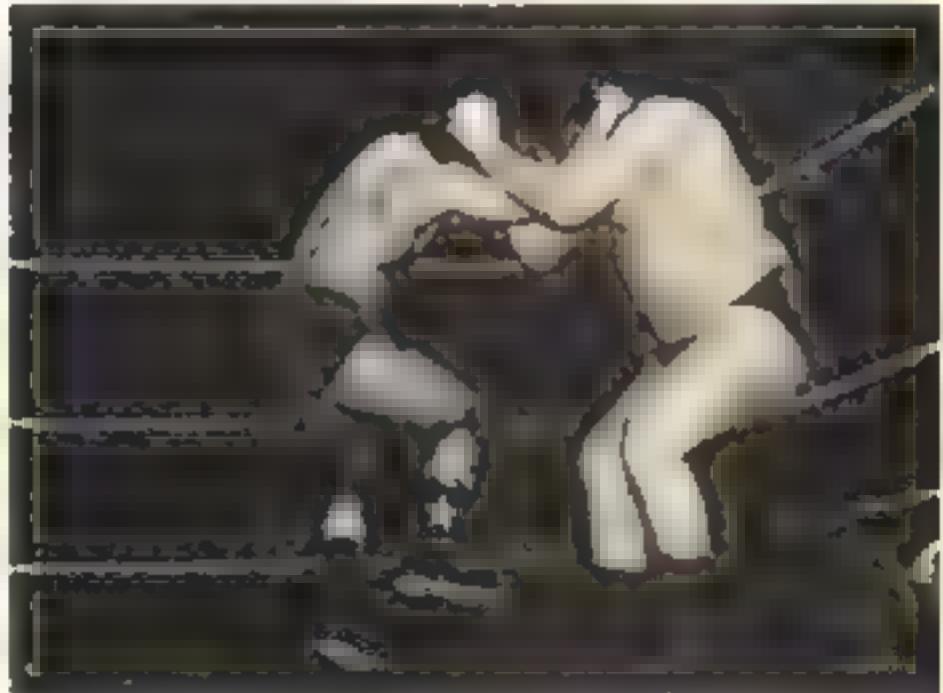
Jules Strongbow finds himself on the wrong end of a Mr. Fuji bodyslam (left). Chief Jay uses kicks in his attacks of tag team champs Mr. Fuji (above and Mr. Saito, below left). Mr. Saito kicks Jules while he's down (below).



Mr. Saito covers Jules Strongbow for the pinfall to even the match after two falls (right). In the final fall, Mr. Saito relentlessly kicks Jules Strongbow (below left), but the match comes to an end by disqualification as Mr. Fuji throws salt in Jay Strongbow's face (below right). Total time of the match: 8:52



ANDRE THE GIANT VS. COWBOY BOB ORTON

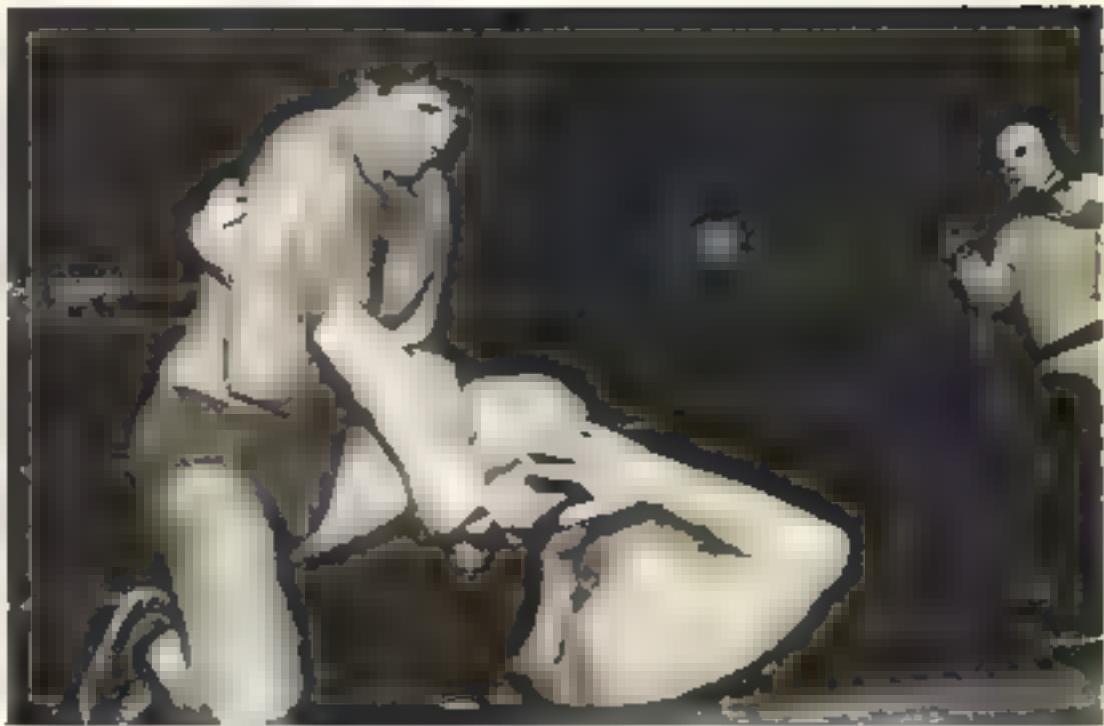


Just before Andre the Giant put away Cowboy Bob Orton with a flying bodypress to gain a pinfall win at the 9:26 mark (above), the Giant weakened Orton with an armtwist (right) and deposited him to the mat with a thundering slam.

TONY GAREA & CURT HENNIG VS. THE BLACK DEMON & THE WHITE ANGEL



The White Angel has Tony Garea crying out in pain with a combination headlock and facerake (above), but Garea soon gains a measure of revenge on the Angel's partner, The Black Demon (right).



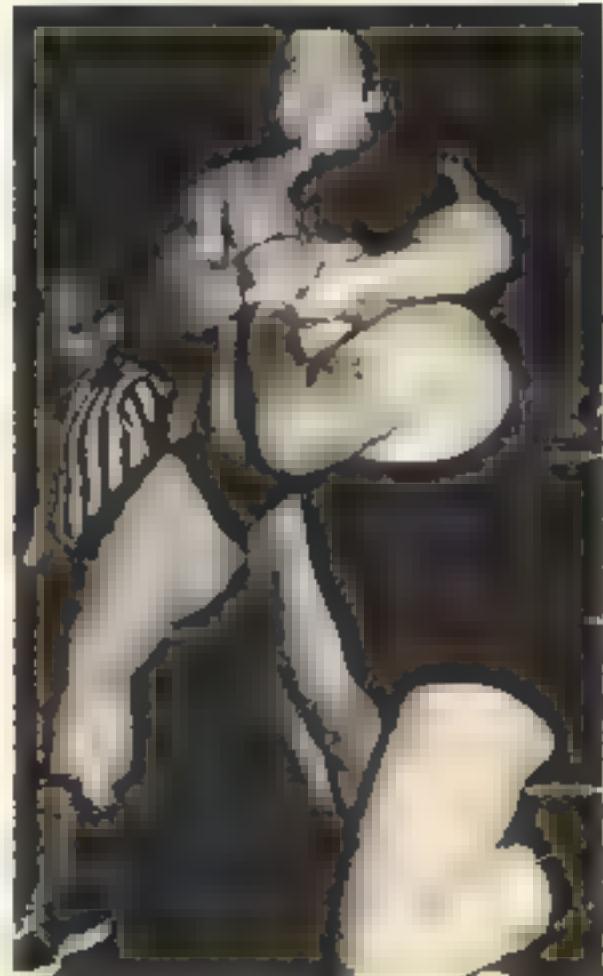
Garea holds the Demon while Hennig provides an aerial attack (above). While Hennig holds his foe, Garea leaps over his partner to reverse cradle and pin the Demon in a spectacular finish (right).



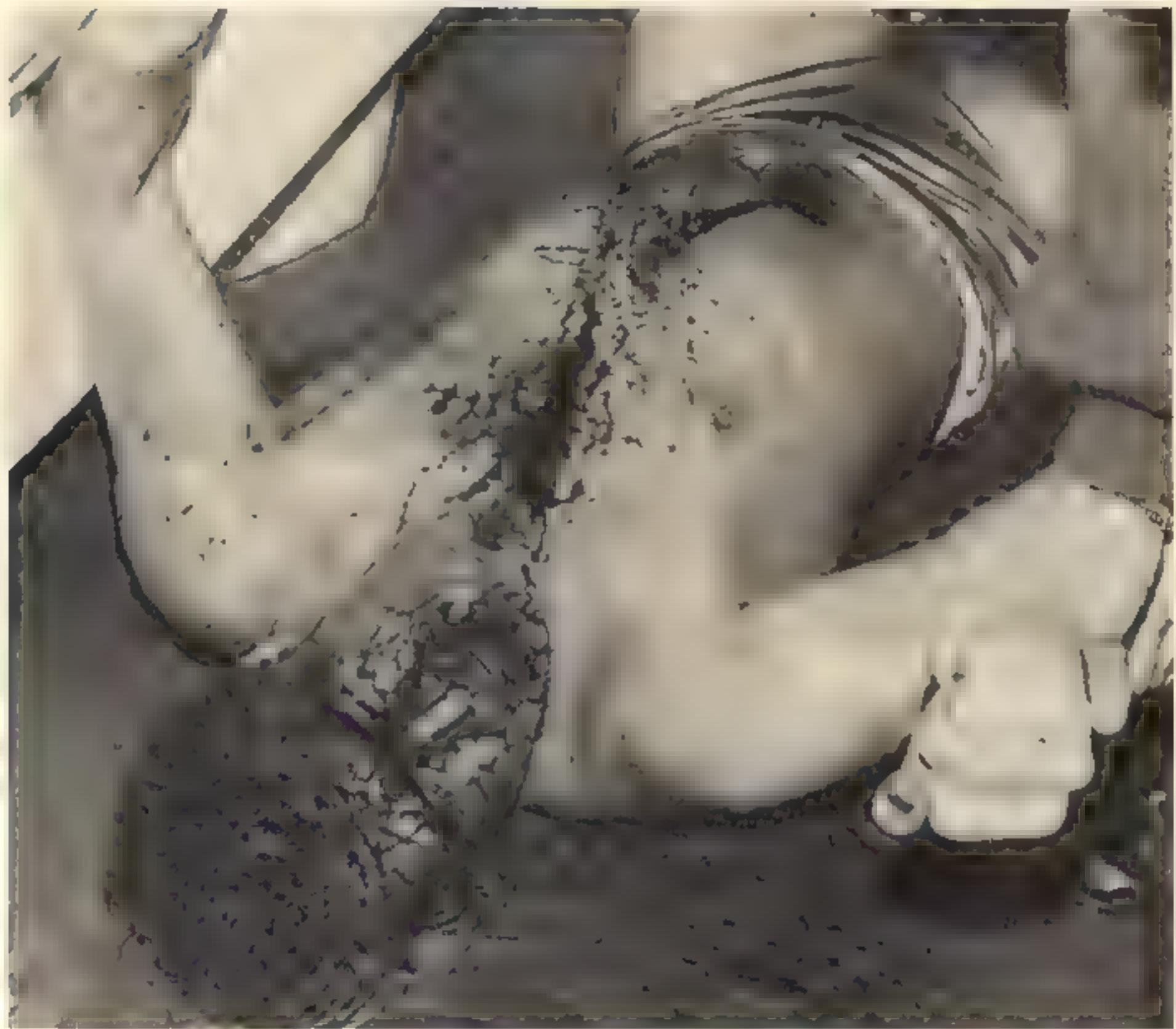
IVAN PUTSKI VS. SWEDE HANSON



Ivan Putski found himself at the mercy of Swede Hanson early in the match (left), but weakened his opponent with chinlocks (above) and headlocks (right) to win.



Too Much Bloodshed In Georgia

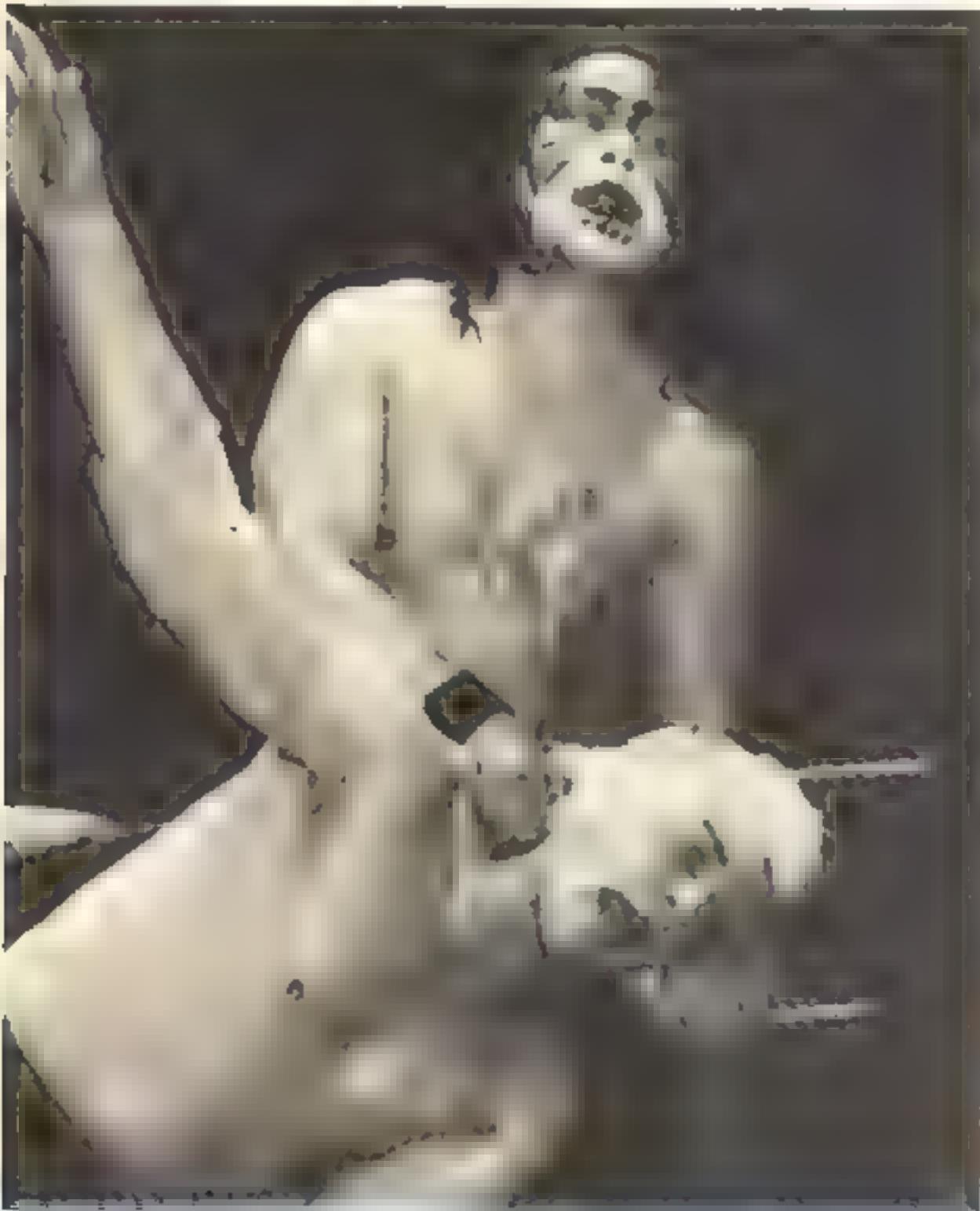


IS THE END NEAR FOR TOMMY RICH?

Time and time again, in match after match, Tommy "Wildfire" Rich comes staggering out of that ring with blood streaming down the front of his face. Could this blood be the first signal that his career is in serious trouble? How long can one man continue to take such abuse and still come back for more?



The hatred that exists between Rich and Buzz Sawyer is not restricted to the wrestling ring. Referee Scrappy McGowan, Johnny Rich, and Brad Armstrong try to pry apart the rivals (above). Kabuki weakens Tommy with a nervehold (below) before cutting open his face. A fight that has become all too familiar. Rich lies outside the ring drowning in his own blood (opposite left).



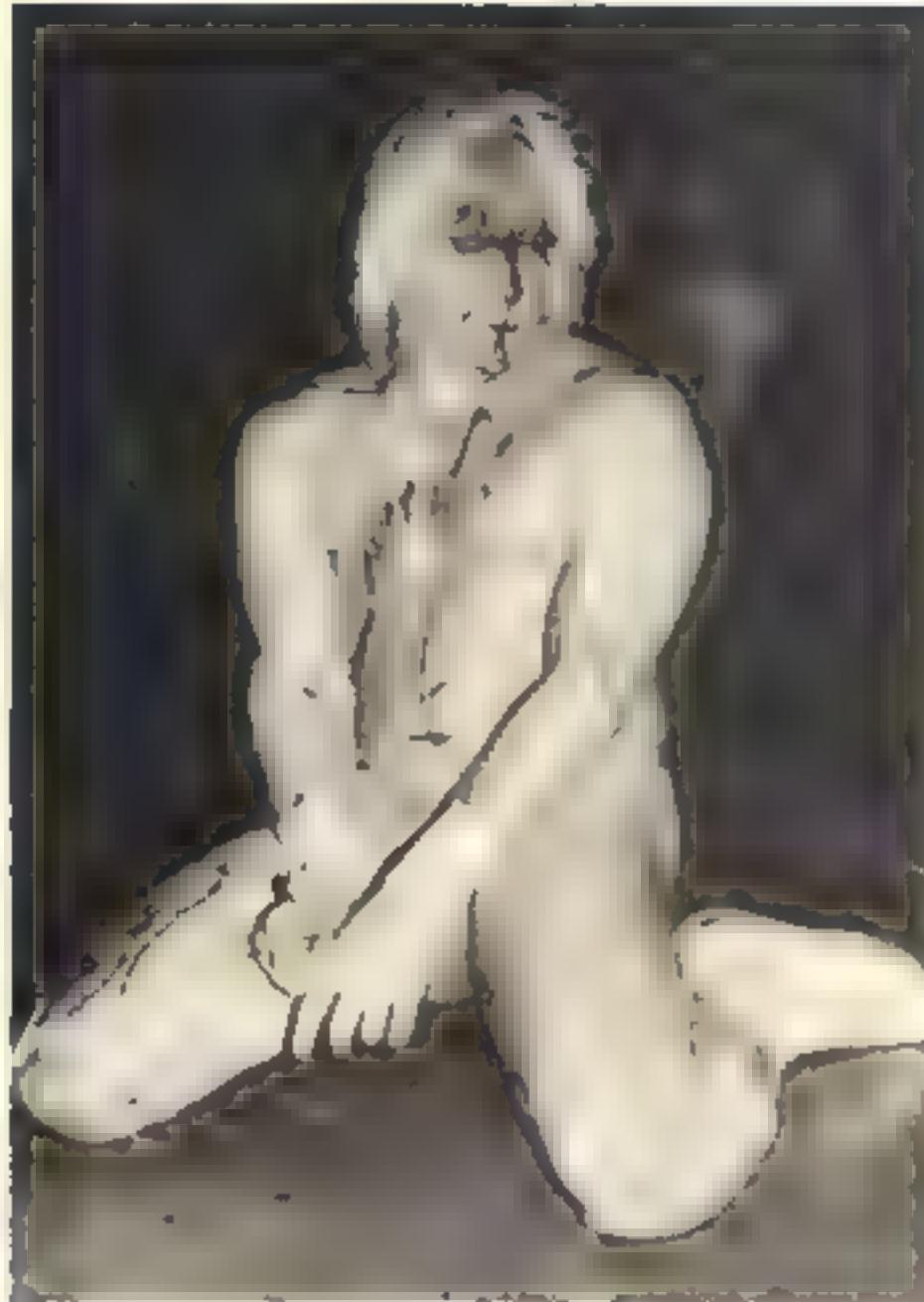
THE QUESTION IS on the lips of every wrestling fan who follows the sport in Georgia, Virginia, Ohio, and the rest of the NWA: How much can one man endure?

Over the past months, Tommy "Wildfire" Rich has become involved in some of the bloodiest feuds ever witnessed in the NWA.

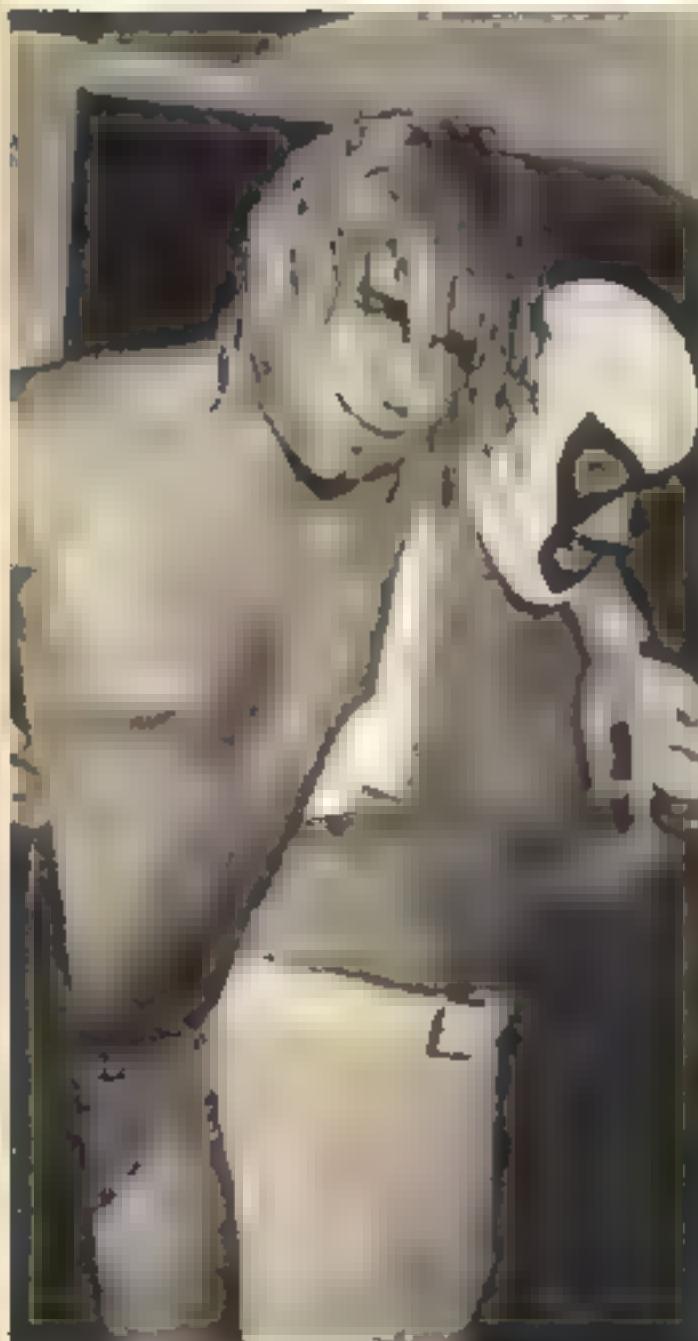
- Item: *Tommy Rich vs. Kabuki.* After narrowly evading Kabuki's mysterious green fog, Rich falls victim to a series of neckholds that render him incapable of retaliating against Kabuki's followup attack, repeated smashes to the head. Blood soon impairs Wildfire's vision and seriously affects his ability to defend himself throughout the rest of the match.

- Item: *Tommy Rich vs. Ric Flair.* In a bid for the NWA heavyweight title, Rich, weakened from a brutal match the previous evening, never gets in proper stride. The champion takes advantage, cutting up his challenger with a series of elbowsmashes to the face.

- Item: *Tommy Rich vs. Masked Superstar.* The Masked Superstar comes into the ring with a chip on his shoulder as large as Atlanta.



Blood streams down the face and body of the beaten warrior (left). Magnificent Muraco delivers a chop to Rich's left ear (above). Masked Superstar has Tommy at his mercy (below). Mr Wrestling II helps his young friend back to the dressing room where he will receive medical attention (below left).



Taking out his frustrations and anger on Wildfire, it is soon evident that Rich is again facing a competitor who would brutalize him so fiercely that Rich would require stitches to close his wounds.

• Item: *Tommy Rich vs. Buzz Sawyer*. In a situation that has unbelievably overshadowed all of his previous feuds, Tommy Rich literally goes crazy in an attempt to defeat Sawyer once and for all. This feud has led to several out-of-the-ring attacks, one of which ended up in the parking lot of an Augusta, Georgia, wrestling arena. In that instance, many fans believe, the severe flow of blood from Rich's face clouded not only his vision, but his judgment as well.

Again and again, in match after match, Tommy Rich finds himself the victim of bloodlust in a way no man ever has before. Whether the opponent is Buzz Sawyer or Ric Flair, Kabuki or Roddy Piper, Masked Superstar or Harley Race, more often than not Wildfire will wake up the next morning with several new stitches on his body and another scar on his reputation as a purely scientific wrestler.

With all the bloodshed that Wildfire has been experiencing, with all the pain and suffering that has been the constant companion of Tommy Rich over the recent months, can he continue? Will Tommy Rich be able to wrestle in this way night after night after night? If so, for how long?

"I give him another three months, tops," says Rhonda McCauley, a self-avowed Tommy Rich fan from Ohio. "It's very painful to see what's happening to Tommy. Over the past few months, he's changed drastically, and for the worse I'm afraid. Now every time he goes into the ring he comes out bloody. That disturbs me. I don't think there's a reason for it, except maybe that Tommy himself is causing this to happen. That's the only reasoning I can



Rich feels the war he is currently waging against wrestling's rulebreakers is well worth all his suffering. Tommy locking the arm of NWA champion Ric Flair will not stop battling until he has either accomplished his goal or spilt his last drop of blood.

come up with. I'm sure if Tommy wouldn't let himself get carried away, like with this Buzz Sawyer situation, then he wouldn't end up in such bad shape."

Another Tommy Rich follower, Tom Dobins of Washington, D.C., thinks that perhaps this is a crucial turnaround for Wildfire.

"The way I see it," said Dobins, "Rich is finally coming around to a proper attitude. Hell, wrestling is a tough sport, and the top men in the sport have had to shed a lot of blood to get to the top. I think this is just the beginning of a new spirit of ferocious behavior for Rich, and personally I'm all for it. He's probably realized that to get back to the top, to get the NWA title back, he's going to have to suffer. Well, he's suffering now, and I think he'll be better for it in the long run."

Certainly, Tommy Rich's career recently has not been easy. The caliber of competition he has

faced, coupled with the abuse he has placed on his body through night after night, has even veteran observers of the wrestling scene worried.

"If he keeps going on like this, he's going to drive himself straight into the grave," said longtime journalist Matt Brock. "Rich isn't the kind of man who is built to withstand this sort of torture. He isn't built mentally and he isn't built physically for this sort of thing. I see him in his matches, I see how he looks when he staggers out of that ring, blood pouring down his face. I've seen it in his matches against Piper, Flair, Sawyer, Race, and almost everybody else he's gone up against over the past six months."

"I'll tell you one thing for certain," Brock concluded, "too much more of this, and Wildfire's career is through. That's not speculation, either, that's fact. Plain and simple." □

WAHOO McDANIEL: THE MAN WHO STANDS BETWEEN GREG VALENTINE AND GREATNESS



GREG VALENTINE CAREFULLY fingered his tattered T-shirt. Obviously a piece of clothing that had been worn literally hundreds of times, the shirt looked as if one more run through the

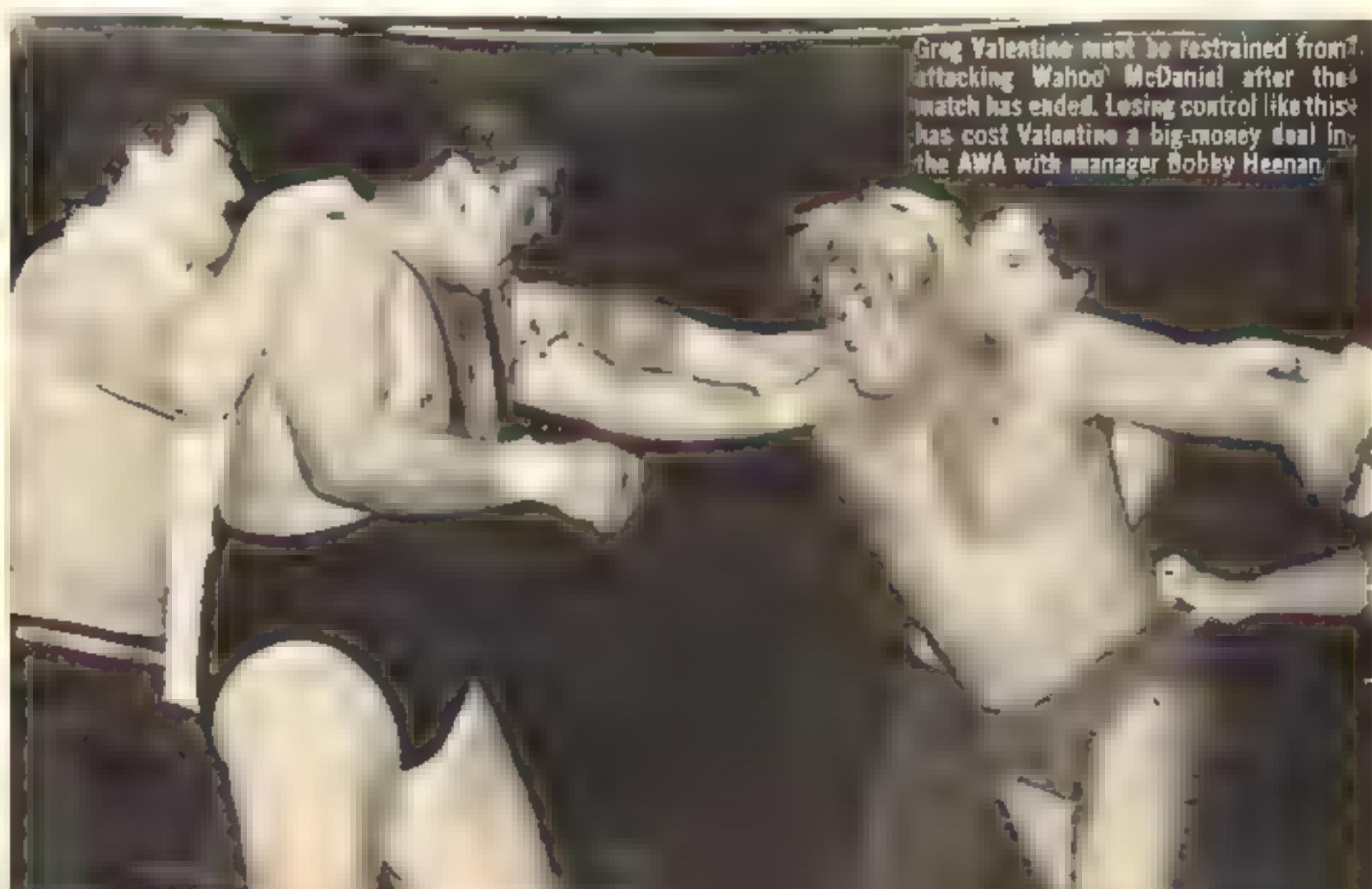
washer would leave nothing more than a pile of threads that would slip through the fingers as readily as a handful of sand.

Valentine held the shirt in the air, one sleeve in each hand. On

the front, one could read the letters that had almost faded from view: "I Broke Wahoo's Leg."

"As you can tell," Valentine said, "I got a lot of use out of this shirt. It means a lot to me. I wore

Greg Valentine must be restrained from attacking Wahoo McDaniel after the match has ended. Losing control like this has cost Valentine a big-money deal in the AWA with manager Bobby Heenan.



it every day, to practically every city in the country. It helped me prove a point. Well, I may have to prove a point again. I only get a shirt like this made up if I break someone's leg. As far as this particular shirt is concerned, I may be getting one to replace it very, very soon."

Valentine's animosity toward Wahoo McDaniel is well known, but it is unlikely that many wrestling fans understand the true depth of the hatred that exists between them.

Years ago, Valentine and McDaniel had a feud that was, at the time, the most volatile in all of wrestling. That feud came to its peak when Valentine and Wahoo met in the ring for a final showdown—a showdown that ended with McDaniel's leg in a cast, and a new shirt on Valentine's back.

But recently, this years-old hatred was rekindled. McDaniel reawoke emotions in Valentine that he didn't know still existed. To understand this situation, we must go back in time several months.

Since his arrival in the Mid-Atlantic area, Greg Valentine has been managed by Sir Oliver Humperdink. Valentine has been faithful to Humperdink, but it is no secret that he has had his ears open for a potentially better offer.

Enter Bobby Heenan.

Heenan offered Valentine a deal to wrestle in the AWA. According to sources close to Heenan, the deal involved a five-figure bonus in addition to an undisclosed per-match salary.

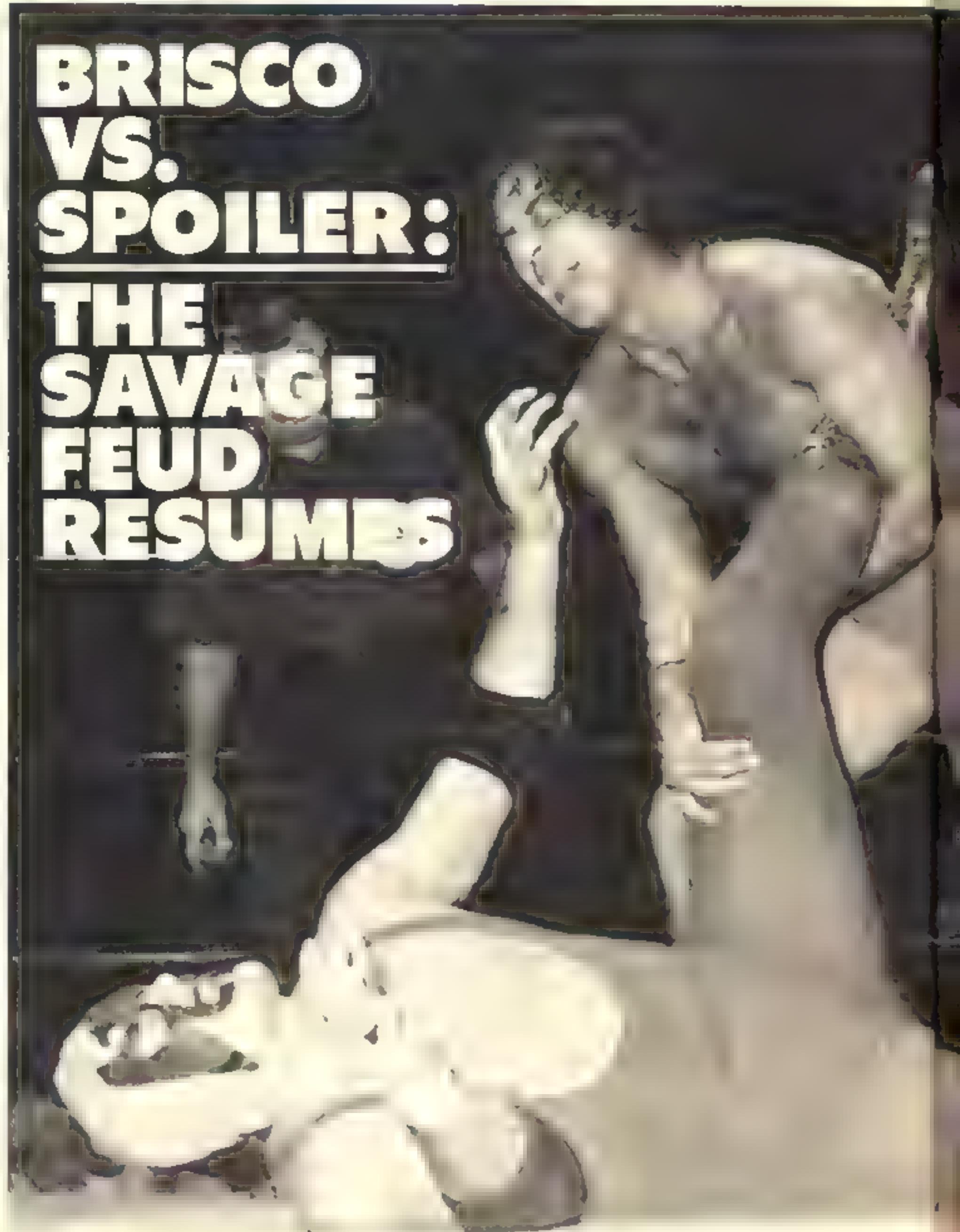
Naturally, Valentine was interested. There was, however, one stipulation: Heenan would have to voice his approval of the deal.

(Continued on page 56)



For a wrestler to be considered a great, he must have the ability to suppress his emotions. Greg Valentine does not have that ability. His hatred for Wahoo McDaniel cost him a big-money deal to wrestle in the AWA. And he has only himself to blame

BRISCO VS. SPOILER: THE SAVAGE FEUD RESUMES





Somehow drawn together, Jack Brisco and Spoiler resume their brutal feud. Representing the opposites of wrestling, the two grapplers seem destined to forever attempt to eliminate each other from the face of the earth

PHOTOS BY JIM CALDWELL

LATE AT NIGHT, when Jack Brisco's thoughts turn to his championship years, he thinks about his last title match with Spoiler. Once again, he asks himself the same questions.

Jack has asked them so many times that the wording is now always the same. "Did Spoiler cause me to lose the title to Terry Funk? Is he really the man who ended it all?" There can never be answers to those questions. No one can ever know.

It's the uncertainty that eats at Brisco's confidence. Although he defeated Spoiler, the next match against Terry Funk, saw him lose the NWA title. At the time, Spoiler claimed he had hurt Brisco so bad that anyone could have beaten Jack in the next match.

There's no question that the match against Spoiler was one of the toughest during Jack's title reign. Roman gladiators would have been awestruck by Spoiler's savagery. The masked demon tore at Jack with brutal abandon. The referee had no hope of containing Spoiler's rulebreaking. Many consider Jack's victory a miracle. Certainly, it proved Brisco to be the hero anyone who loves wrestling can admire.

Since that fateful match, their paths have seldom crossed. Spoiler went on to fearsome notoriety in Texas. Jack spends most of his time wrestling in Florida. Still, Brisco will wrestle Spoiler whenever possible. Jack knows the only way to make a man stop haunting you is to defeat him

once and for all. If you can't defeat him, that also answers the questions. No matter what the answer, it's always better to know.

As for Spoiler, a match against Brisco is the best of all possible worlds. He knows the former champion can never be sure if Spoiler, not Terry Funk, really took the title from him. For years, Spoiler has proclaimed, "I battered Jack Brisco so completely that he lost his title in the very next match! I can batter Brisco at will. I own Jack Brisco!"



Jack Brisco breaks Spoiler's choke hold by grabbing the ropes. The spoiler claims responsibility for Brisco losing his NWA title.

Recently, the two men wrestled again. As Brisco approached the ring, you could see the tension in his face. Jack's mouth was set, his eyes stared hard, and his brow was furrowed. His every move revealed his taut nerves. For Brisco, this match would be the acid test of his career. It was a test he had to pass.

It's hard to tell what a man is thinking when he wears a mask, but Spoiler too, revealed some tension. His strutting was a little too proud, his actions a little too large. Here was a man determined to prove something he didn't himself believe. Spoiler knew what this match meant to Brisco. He knows what Jack Brisco is like when something is important.

From the opening bell, it was plain these two men respected each other. Each was cautious, determined, waiting for the other

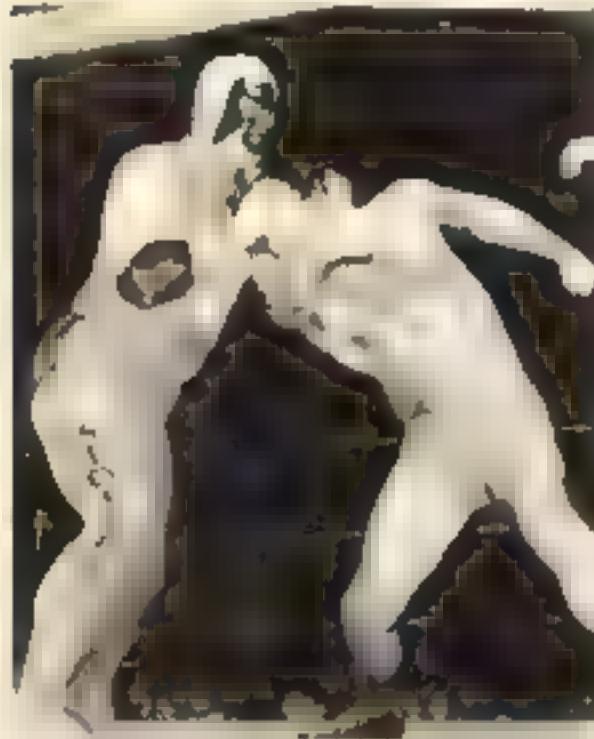
to make the first move. Their first battle was a battle of nerves.

Spoiler suddenly leaped at Brisco, driving his shoulder in Jack's thigh. Jack must have sensed the attack because he rolled away taking only a glancing blow. The two men, after first contact, found themselves on opposite sides of the ring. The moment of truth had arrived.

The two men approached each other quickly, like two trains headed for collision. Brisco and Spoiler clashed in the center of the

ring. They became a blur of limbs as they searched furiously for an opening. The whirlwind of action ended as Spoiler crumpled to the mat. Brisco was on him instantly and trapped the man in an armlock.

Spoiler writhed on the mat, desperately seeking some way to escape. Contorting his body, he moved in the only way he could get free. He was taking a great gamble. If the hold wasn't broken, Spoiler would have his arm broken. Spoiler took the gamble. The hold was broken.



Above: Spoiler sinks his claw into Brisco's face. Above right: Brisco's figure-four leglock has Spoiler in agony. Below: Brisco puts all his weight into a half Boston crab.



Yet, something bothered Spoiler. He wasn't sure whether he broke the hold or Brisco mercifully let him free. Everyone knows Jack isn't the type of athlete who would inflict serious injury onto even a hated opponent. Did Brisco spare Spoiler? Spoiler couldn't be sure.

The match continued at a furious pace. The time limit expired, the bell rang, and the match was over. As the two men left the arena, Brisco shouted at Spoiler, "Next time, no mercy!"

Jack Brisco doesn't know if Spoiler really weakened him and forced him to lose the title. But now, Spoiler doesn't know if Brisco spared him. They're even. Until next time. When one or the other will learn the bloody truth. □

THE SENSATIONAL MIL MASCARAS: AMAZING GRACE!



PHOTOS BY THEO EHRET

There may be many masked wrestlers, but there is only one Mil Mascaras. Nobody appreciates the philosophy and skills of this man more than veteran wrestling journalist Matt Brock, who has covered more matches over more years than anyone else. Brock files this report from California, where he witnessed Mascaras in action

By Matt Brock

THREE'S SOMETHING ABOUT the coming of winter that I despise. Must be the cold weather. I'll tell you one thing for sure, I hate the snow. This is why I try to cover as much of the mat sport in Florida and California in the winter as the powers that be will allow.

So when I was able to offset the coming of the Arctic breeze by a trip to the West Coast, I welcomed the opportunity with open arms and a grip that was packed so quickly I damn near



forgot my toothbrush and razor

But who cares about shaving when you're relaxing in the warm California sun by day, and witnessing one of the most spectacular wrestlers in all the world by night?

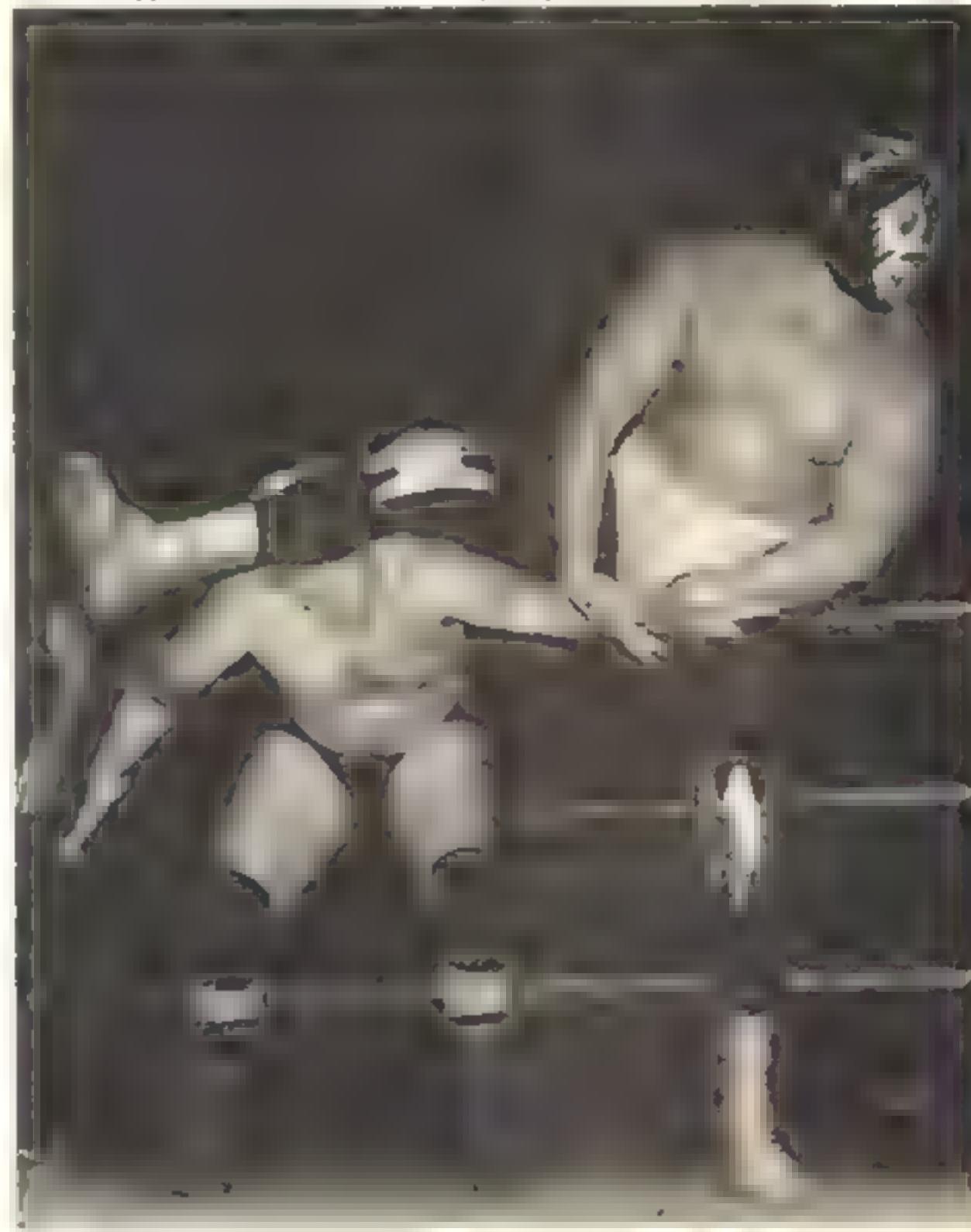
I have to admit, I'm glad that the editors of this magazine have allowed me several pages to ramble and ruminate about one of my favorite grapplers in the entire world: Mil Mascaras. To say that he is spectacular, sensational, graceful, honorable and awe-inspiring is to merely scrape the tip of the iceberg.

Hell, look at that I'm making him sound like a boy scout. Okay, he's also trustworthy, loyal, brave, and reverent. And the fact is, he is *always* prepared, no matter who the opponent happens to be.

But Mascaras is no boy scout. He's a full-fledged flying phenomenon; one of a kind in a sport where the quality of being unique is generally reserved for men who have learned to cripple an opponent in a new, and perhaps more colorful, way.

Mascaras, however, is a gentleman. He knows that the hallmark of a fine wrestler is acknowledgment of sportsmanship and a healthy regard for the rulebook.

Mil Mascaras, man of a thousand masks and a hold to match each one. Mascaras clasps his hands behind his opponent when applying the abdominal stretch, making sure escape is impossible (above left). Mascaras brings Flowers to the canvas with a perfect execution of the hip toss (above right). Twisting Flowers' arm forward, Mascaras will force his opponent backward with his right leg (below).



"I don't care whether or not I win a title," Mascaras was once quoted as saying, "as long as I know that I have competed in my matches properly and honorably if an opponent is going to cheat to gain a win or to maintain a title, that is up to him. I can't do anything to prevent that. But I can prevent myself from doing that, and I try to maintain honor and sportsmanlike conduct in every match. Some people tell me this will never win me a title. I reply that if I can't win a title in an honorable way, then, a championship belt isn't worth having in the first place."

There are a lot of wrestlers you would think of as being "scientific" who would certainly not agree with that philosophy, but Mascaras stands tall in the face of all kinds of criticism and pressure.

Yet the final place where Mascaras proves himself is not in his personal philosophy, but within the four walls we call the wrestling ring. It is there that Mascaras displays an absolutely astounding level of athletic expertise and ability, as in the match I was privileged to witness in California against Diamond Timothy Flowers.

I tell you, I sit in the arena and I see Mascaras in action, and there's a smile on my face for the whole match. It's great to see a man who so obviously loves what he is doing and to be so successful at doing it . . . and I measure success here not by the number or magnitude of championships won over the years, but by the reaction and appreciation of the fans for the skills he exhibits in that ring.

When Mascaras tangles his opponent up in a scientific hold that makes an abdominal stretch look simple by comparison, it's a sight that is calculated to hang your jaw in awe. And when Mascaras delivers a dropkick, it's done with such authority and



Mascaras utilizes the lower portion of his body scissoring Flowers' right leg while applying a cradle pin (above). Note that Mil does not merely roll his opponent to the canvas; he forces him to the canvas (below left). The Masked man applies a bodyscissors and drives Flowers' tailbone into the mat (below right).



ease that his opponent can't know it's coming until after it's gone!

But the crowning glory, the true beauty that is Mil Mascaras, comes when he stuns his opponent and climbs up those ropes to literally soar through the air with the grace and ease of a gliding eagle. The flying bodypress as performed by Mil Mascaras cannot be duplicated

not by Jimmy Snuka, not by Rick Martel, not by anybody. No other man can perform that difficult maneuver with the effectiveness and with the grace and poise of Mil Mascaras.



When Mascaras came off those ropes in California and sprang down upon Flowers, half the crowd roared its approval and the other half gasped in awe. That's the effect that Mascaras has on people, and it can be appreciated only when you see the man in action.

What more can I say? Where Mascaras is concerned, actions truly speak louder than words, and the only way to truly appreciate the skills and abilities of Mil Mascaras is to see them for yourself. I hope everyone reading this will someday have that opportunity. □

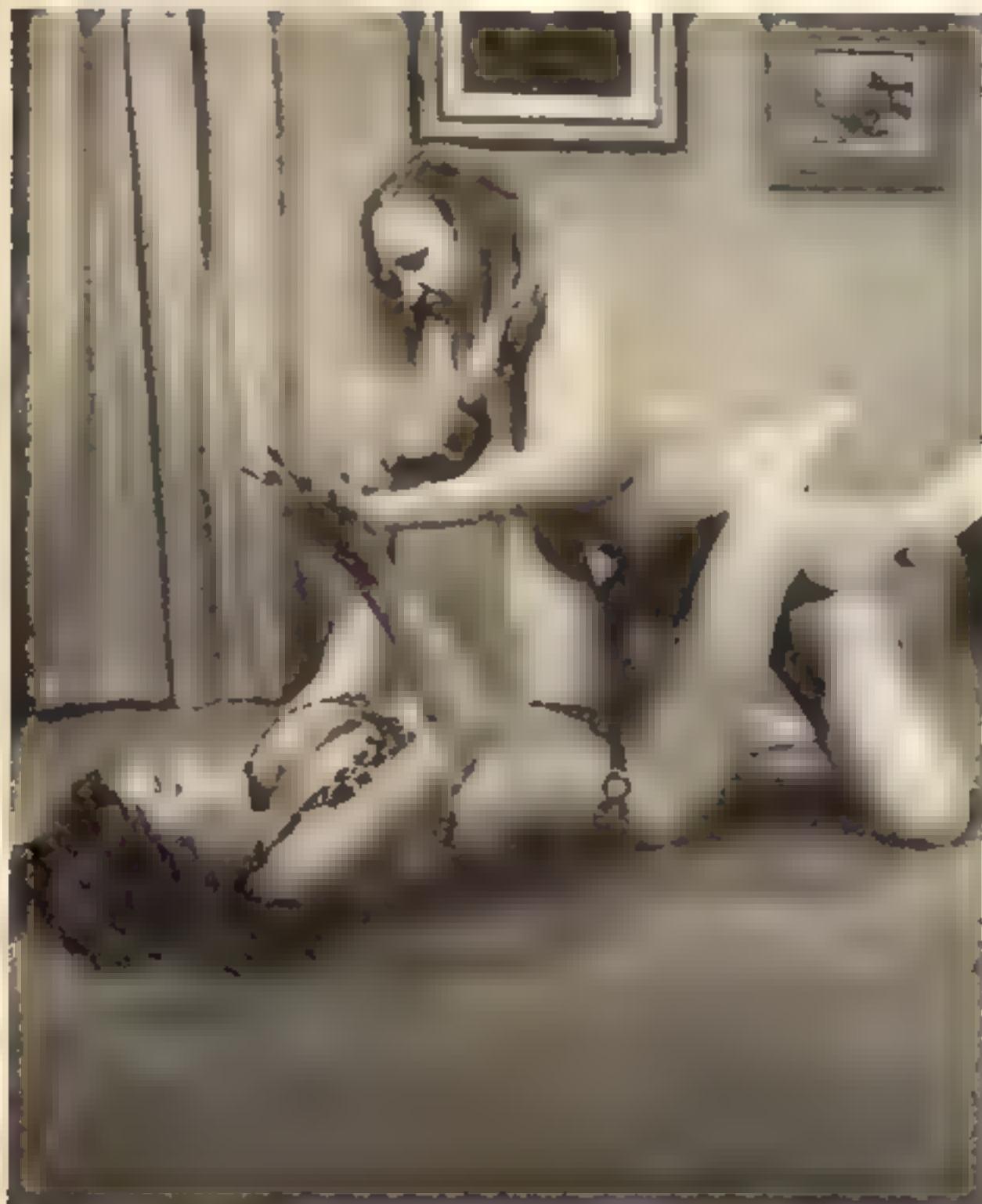
The Apartment Match

HOW VICIOUS CAN



That Went Too Far: TWO WOMEN BE?

Two women, lured by the financial rewards of apartment wrestling, probe the depths of their souls to unleash savagery and brutality they never knew existed within them. When two women like this clash in the heat of battle, only one can call herself a survivor . . . the other woman will have to face the humiliation of defeat



Dale has Joan on her back and attempts to claw her face, but Joan manages to block Dale's hands and engages her sultry foe in an agonizing test of strength (above). Joan pushes Dale's leg forward, forcing the blonde's knee into her chest (opposite left).

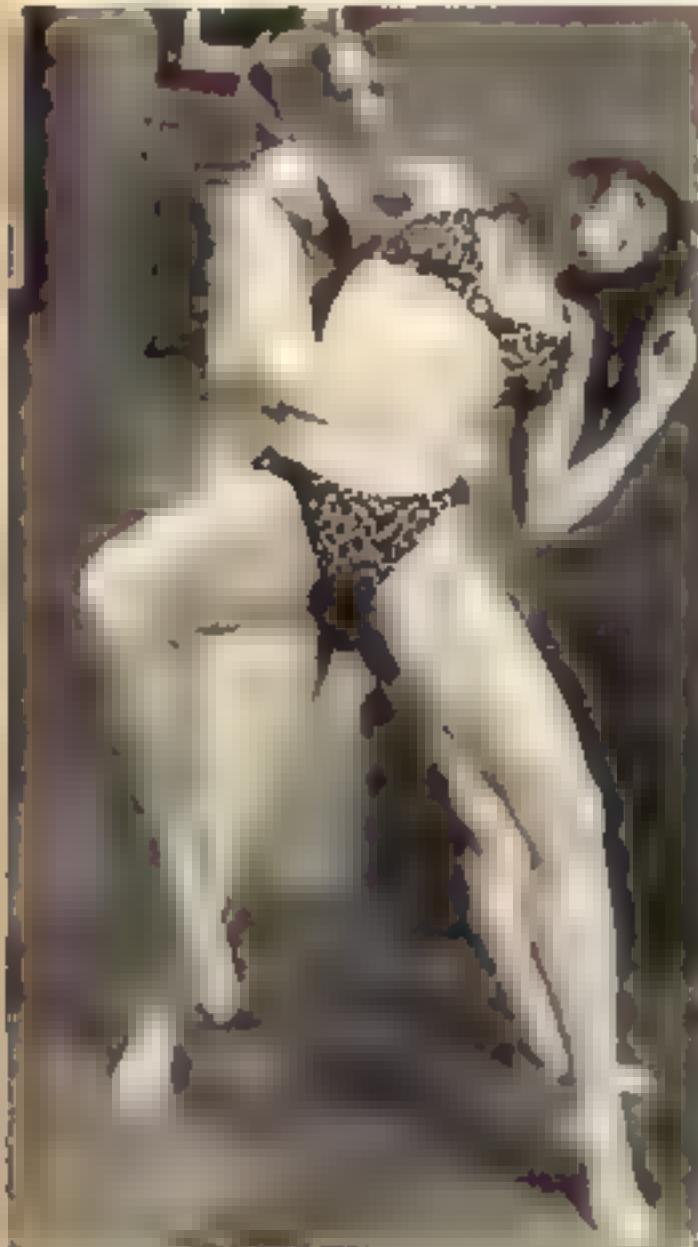
WE LIVE IN brutal times. With people's savings shrinking faster than their expectations, there is a national glee in either punishing someone else or watching a stranger suffer. There's a mean spirit throughout the land, and it turns people ugly.

There has never been as many women wanting to be apartment wrestlers. Violence is appealing to anyone helplessly beaten down by a system that no longer seems to work. At one time, only the most adventurous women dared to be apartment wrestlers. Today, women of all sensibilities are volunteering for the chance to inflict punishment.

This embarrassment of riches is not necessarily the best of all possible worlds. Many women are neither physically nor emotionally able to handle the unique pressures of apartment wrestling. Before, one could assume that the prospective apartment wrestler would come to the sport with the right qualifications. Now, with this general viciousness sweeping the country, women who stand to be seriously injured or emotionally crippled are begging for the chance to wrestle. It's a great responsibility for the organizers to



Joan pulls savagely on Dale's hair (left), then twists her opponent to the carpet so that Dale is helpless to defend against a series of smashes to her face (above). Back on her feet and in control of the match, Dale proceeds to throw Joan off-balance and to the floor (bottom left).



make correct selections. Unfortunately, the imitators don't have the same scruples as the apartment wrestling organizers. There have been cases where women have been lured to large apartments for matches. Unable to cope with the competition, they have suffered severe and occasionally permanent injury. We feel obligated to point out this frightening situation.

Dale and Joan were two such women. Neither one should ever have been an apartment wrestler. They had no skills, no intuitive athletic ability, and no real love for competition. All they had were lives that had blown up in their faces.

Joan was the kind of woman who does everything right and expects to be rewarded. In more generous economic times, she would be happily secure in a suburban home; her main trouble would be deciding which mall to

shop at. A stronger woman would have been able to adjust to shrinking expectations Joan couldn't adjust to anything.

For the past year, Joan had been waiting for her boyfriend to return. He left to look for work. She received postcards from Atlanta, Houston, San Diego, and other cities that suddenly had no jobs left. Eventually, she stopped receiving postcards.

To earn her living, something she never thought she'd have to do, Joan worked in a public relations firm. Unskilled, Joan was considered by her employers to be just a decoration to amuse clients. Some of the clients had strange ideas about what constituted amusement. When Joan told them to go to hell, her employers were displeased. Her job and her sanity were hanging by a thread.

Her interview to be an apartment wrestler was short and

(Continued on page 58)

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THE TATTLER

(Continued from Page 6)

days probation, fined an undisclosed amount of money, and told that any further incidents of this type would lead to indefinite suspension from wrestling.

"So I'm fined a couple of thousand dollars," sneered Graham. "Who cares? That's chicken feed, as far as I'm concerned. Hell, what can I do, destroy the belt again? I've already humiliated Bobby Backlund more than he can stand. You can see how he has lost his cool, lost his composure. They'll never suspend me. I'll have my lawyers on the case so fast it'll make their heads swim. And in the meantime, I'll defeat Bobby Backlund, and I'll regain the belt and the respect that was stolen from me 4½ years ago."

—Allison Corey

CHICAGO—While Jesse "The Body" Ventura has been back in the AWA for several months, Adrian Adonis, Ventura's former partner, has been on a worldwide tour. But now Adonis, too, has returned to the AWA.

Could this mean a reunion of the former championship tag team of Adrian Adonis and Jesse Ventura?



JESSE VENTURA

"Anything is possible in professional wrestling," said Adonis. "If a fat wimp like Otto Wanz can win the title from Bockwinkel and hold on to it for six weeks, than anything can happen."

Ventura was similarly noncommittal about any plans for the team getting back together.

"It's possible," conceded Ventura. "Adnan and myself were, of course, champions here in the AWA, and we damn near took the WWF title as well. In fact, we defeated every team on the East Coast that we ran into, but we got cheated out of title shots time and time again."

Though right now it appears that both Ventura and Adonis wish to concentrate on individual competition, don't be surprised if the East-West Connection reunites sometime in the near future. It's tough to keep a championship tag team out of the picture for long.

—Larry Cohen

HOUSTON—The "Soul Patrol" has been formed.

For years, Houston wrestling fans have been hoping the dream tag team combination of Tony Atlas and Junkyard Dog would become a reality, and now their dream has come true. Junkyard Dog and Tony Atlas have entered into tag team competition here, and fans can't seem to get enough.

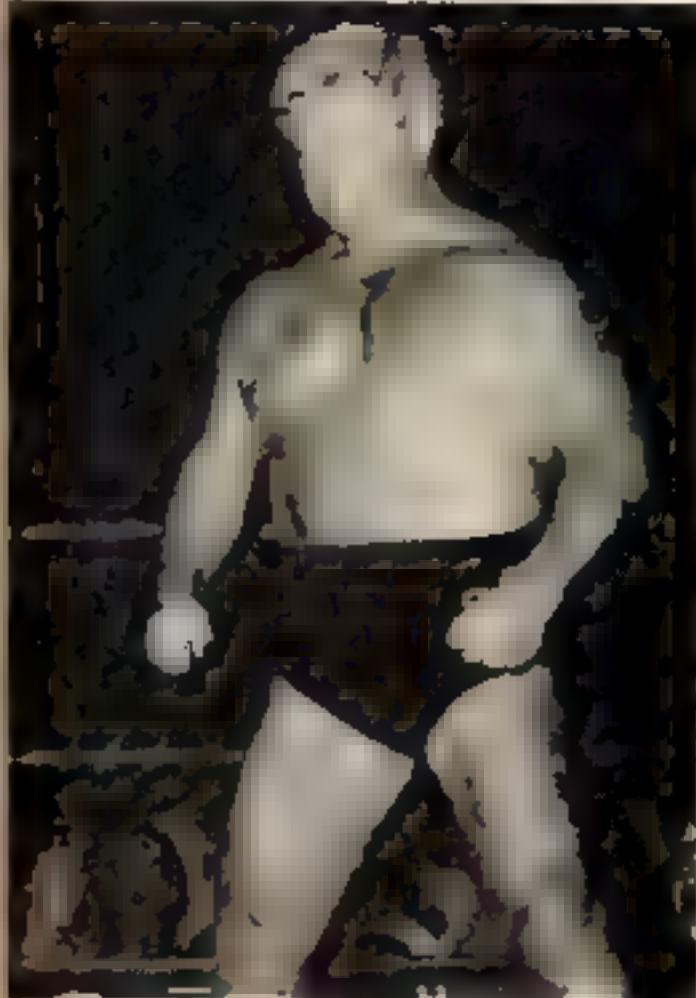
"I've wanted to team up with my friend Tony for a long time," says the Dog, "and I'm sure that with his help we can get rid of Gino Hernandez and Tully Blanchard."

"This is great, this is going to

be a championship team," said Atlas. "We're going all the way to the top, jack, and we're using Hernandez and Blanchard as our steppingstones!"

—James Washington

INDIANAPOLIS—The big feud engulfing the NWA involves Bruiser and Gentleman Gerry Valiant. The two grapplers have been going at it furiously, and both have sworn not to let up until the issue has reached a final conclusion



BRUISER

"Valiant has some nerve using the word 'Gentleman' in front of his name," said Bruiser. "Jack the Ripper was more of a gentleman than he is."

Valiant, however, is very fond of his nickname—and will use any tactics to defend it

"Bruiser can run off at the mouth all he wishes," said Gentleman Gerry, "but it doesn't bother me in the least. My only wish is to bust him up in the middle of the ring, like a gentleman."

—Ed Remington □

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his plan of bringing the title to Europe? I think it's unfair to call me an opportunist. This is something I have always believed, but the situation with Wanz simply brought it out into the open, that's all.

"The fans will support who they want any time they want," Bockwinkel continued. "and if they want to support me, fine. But I'm not going to do anything to gain the fans' support except wrestle to the best of my abilities. If they can't appreciate those abilities, that's their problem."

Will Bockwinkel consider giving Wanz a title rematch?

"Why not?" Bockwinkel asked. "I've plugged the one loophole that caused him to take away my title for six weeks. Sure, I'll allow him to wrestle me anytime he wants. I'm not afraid of Wanz, and I'm willing to back up my words with action."

How does manager Bobby Heenan feel about Bockwinkel regaining the belt?

"This is great," Heenan told *Sports Review Wrestling*. "simply great. Nick has been the rightful titleholder all along, and to see my faith in him reaffirmed like this is just great. Wanz tried to shove the title in our faces, he tried to turn around and bring the belt out of the country. Well, we held on, we maintained our determination, we came back and we proved to that fat Austrian that his title win was nothing but a fluke! A fluke, do you hear me? A fluke! Hell yes, we'll wrestle Wanz again. Name the time. Name the arena. That one win was a fluke, and it will never happen again. Bockwinkel is champion to stay!"

Bockwinkel is champion again, although many fans consider him to be an abominable representation of the AWA to the rest of the world. Nevertheless, he did regain the title in a fair contest, and for this we recognize and congratulate him as our Wrestler of the Month.

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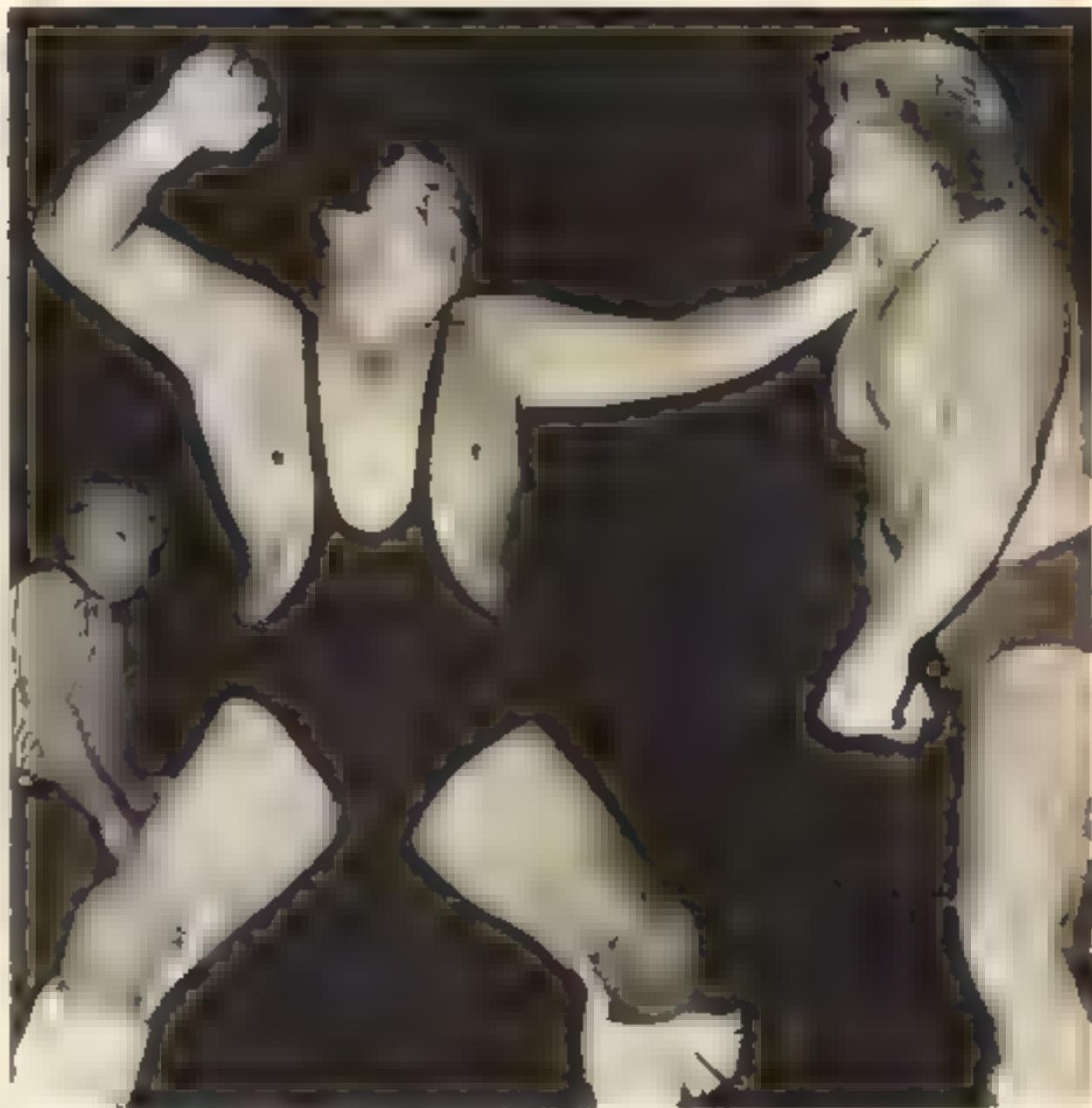
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WAHOO McDANIEL

(Continued from Page 39)



McDaniel winds up to tomahawk chop Valentine (above). Note the glazed look on Valentine's face—when wrestling McDaniel, Valentine is so filled with rage he often has no memory of his performance in the ring once the match is over. The Valentine-McDaniel feud is a long one, as this photo from 1978 proves (below).



based on eyewitness evaluations of Valentine's performance in a few Mid-Atlantic matches. Fair enough. Valentine was ready and able; he relished the idea of making big money.

But when Heenan came to see Valentine wrestle on two separate occasions against Wahoo McDaniel, the deal was called off.

Quite simply, Valentine was not himself in those matches against Wahoo. The indignities of years past came rushing back; Valentine went berserk and wrestled completely out of control.

Exit Bobby Heenan.

"I couldn't believe what I heard about those two matches," said Valentine weeks later. "I say heard about those matches, because I don't remember a damn thing about either one! All I know is that I stepped into that ring, I saw McDaniel facing me from the other corner, and I lost control."

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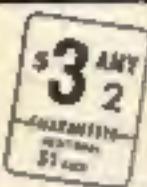
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APARTMENT WRESTLING

(Continued from Page 58)

and physically prepared. It also gives her time to back out if she wants. Waters never gave anyone a chance to back out of anything.

Waters chose a scared young woman named Dale as Joan's opponent. Ruthlessly battered by life before she left her teens, the young blonde drifted from menial job to menial job, abused by employers and a sucker for anyone promising her happiness. For a while, she simply took the punishment. Then, something inside her turned vicious, something like the last rage of a cornered animal. She started making people suffer as she had suffered.

Apartment wrestling interviewers sensed there was no sport in this woman, just the need to inflict pain. She would just as

happily torture a helpless victim as win by combat. That has nothing to do with the spirit of apartment wrestling, and Dale was told she was not selected.

Somehow, women like Dale always get to meet men like Mendy Waters. Both are unwilling to discuss the place or the circumstances, and they probably have good reason for their silence. Dale had three matches for Waters before meeting Joan. Two of her victims disappeared after being tormented by her. The other couldn't disappear; she wears a cast from toe to thigh. Neither Dale nor her opponents should have ever been allowed to battle. Considerations like human decency and compassion never bother Mendy Waters.

And so, in her garishly

Realizing that Dale is on the verge of defeat, Joan digs her thigh into the small of Dale's back, causing the nubile blonde to cry out in agony (below). Having survived her trial by torture, Joan signals victory (opposite page).



decorated apartment in Long Island City, Dale stood facing Joan, moments away from their apartment wrestling brawl. Dale trembled from a dangerous combination of fear and excitement. Joan's face was contorted into an ugly mask of rage. Her expression was both frightening and sad. Joan's voluptuous body quivered with sensual fury as her leopardskin bikini seemed to vibrate.



The look on Waters' face told the story. It was a cruel and heartless expression, much like a jackal dining on carrion. He licked his lips, gave the signal to begin, and sat comfortably to enjoy the ensuing catastrophe.

Mindlessly, the two women rushed at each other. The slap of flesh against flesh resounded throughout the room. Waters' friends cheered as the two women savagely clawed at each other. Dark red welts appeared along the combatants' bodies as nails scraped against skin. There was no intelligence in this; simply two angry humans trying to tear each other apart.

The first explosion lasted perhaps 30 seconds. The women, not having trained for battle, breathed heavily. The short, (Continued on page 64)

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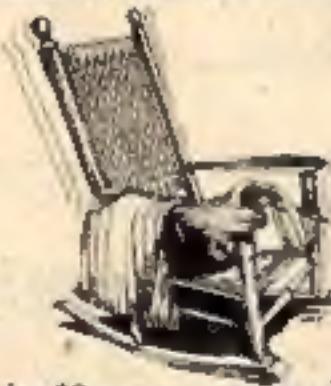
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APARTMENT WRESTLING

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mindless burst of action had physically stunned the combatants. If they were going to survive this, they would have to conserve their energy. Joan seemed to sense this more than Dale.

As soon as the pain in Dale's lungs stopped, she went on the attack. Joan became a matador clumsily but effectively dodging the charging bull. Dale rushed, her hands and shoulders glancing off her foe, and she stumbled forward. It was a pathetic example of wrestling desperation.

After five such hapless rushes, Dale stumbled forward, this time into Joan's waiting arms. The large blonde encircled her foe in a brutal bearhug. Wildly, Dale kicked and punched, trying to break free. Though the blows were wild, several hit Joan's thighs and face. Joan had no idea how to protect herself while administering the bearhug and took as much punishment as she gave. Her eyes betrayed her shock and fear as Dale beat a steady tattoo upon her. Finally, Joan released her grip and Dale scurried away.

The women stared at each other across the room. There was a steady hum of animal sounds from both of them. Half-crazed with rage, Joan rushed at her foe. At the last instant, she leaped in the air, attempting a flying dropkick.

Her ambition exceeded her ability. Starting the kick too late, her feet smacked into Dale's shins. Both women fell to the ground. In some odd way, Dale fell on top. She was too surprised to do anything immediately. Joan's hands quickly grabbed the hapless blonde around the neck and started choking. Dale responded by punching Joan in the face and chest. For more than a minute, the two did this while roiling around the carpet.

It exhausted them both. Joan released her chokehold and rolled

away. She crouched in a corner, trying to catch her breath. Harsh, eyed, she tried to focus on her foe.

Dale sat in the opposite corner, trying to catch her breath. Harsh, hacking gasps revealed how viciously she'd been choked. As she crouched, she kept her eyes on Joan. For the first time, the look of a cornered animal came across her face. Now she was at her most dangerous—dangerous to both her foe and herself.

Still gasping for air, she rushed at Joan. The voluptuous blonde stood up and bashed her head hard into the charging foe's soft belly. Dale crumpled as if she'd been shot. She desperately needed air; her battered lungs were on the brink of collapse. With a sadistic glee, Joan went on the attack.

Now would be the perfect time for a bearhug. Dale would be finished and the match would be over. Joan didn't know that. Her only thought was to punish.

Joan dragged Dale around the room by her legs. Pain seared the helpless woman's flesh as carpet burns covered her back and legs. Dale's breath came even harder as she gagged on air that couldn't find its way to her lungs. Her agonized grunts sounded throughout the room like some pitiful animal's death throes.

Waters and his companions were having a wonderful time.

It would have been an act of mercy for Dale to pass out. Instead, some cruel fate kept her alert and tortured. Her body jerked in hideous, spasmodic writhings. If Joan hadn't been enjoying herself so much, the match might have ended there. Instead, somehow Dale's leg got free and snapped up into Joan's chin. The voluptuous blonde crumpled in a heap.

The two women lay on the carpet, barely conscious and in no

shape to continue. Any decent person would have ended the match there. Waters, knowing how these foolish women would answer, asked them if they wanted to continue. Of course he got them to say yes. So he let them lie there, trying to get the strength to wrestle on.

Joan was the first to be able to move. Feebly, she approached her foe. Driven only by her pathological need to punish, Joan pounded on her victim's face and torso. Her blows were weak but brutal, considering Dale's condition. Each tepid punch made breathing that much harder. It was horrible to watch, except for the crowd Waters had gathered for the "entertainment."

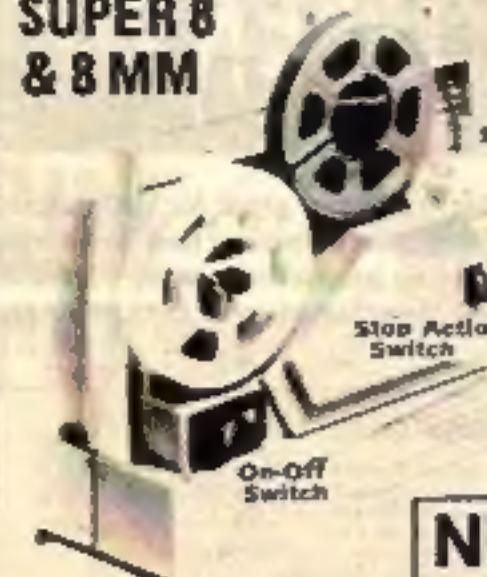
Joan didn't pound away for long. Exhausted, she slumped to the ground. Dale saw this and tried to do something about it. It was a hopeless and pathetic attempt. The battered blonde writhed and crawled toward her gasping foe. As Dale approached, Joan's eyes widened in a combination of rage and fear. Unable to defend herself, Joan tried to stare her foe down.

This confrontation lasted maybe 30 seconds. Dale moved as if she were trying to force her way through mud. Joan managed to get to her knees and watched her foe coming. Dale got within a foot of Joan and then fell forward. Her body listlessly hit Joan and then flopped to the carpet. Dale wasn't going to move again that night.

Joan raised her hand high to signify victory. It was a ludicrous gesture; no one could be thought to have won this brutal brawl. A few seconds after she was declared the winner, Joan started weeping hysterically. She was carried to a room where she cried herself senseless.

These are ugly times, and some unscrupulous men take a horrible advantage of this. We hope our readers and prospective apartment wrestlers heed this warning.

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